

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Those who have read the able addresses delivered by Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., retiring president of the Toronto Board of Trade, and Mr. Edward Gurney, the incoming president of that Board, must have felt some regret that men who show such a capacity for managing public affairs should so largely occupy themselves with private interests. Mr. Osler, it is true, is now a Member of Parliament, yet he will find that the men who, in the House, will sit about him are entirely different from the men of decisive action with whom he has associated in business, and so, in a sense isolated, he will not be the E. B. Osler who has cut such a figure in finance and commerce. The tedious, time-killing processes of Parliament will besloth him. But if the Commons were filled with men as keen in public affairs as are Board of Trade members in their private affairs, we should see miraculous results worked on the raw half-continent that is placed in our hands.

Take the list of members of the Toronto Board of Trade and scan it to see if it does not contain the names of nearly all the men distinguished amongst us for business acumen, and then enquire what parts those men play in the affairs of the city, the province, the Dominion. How many of them (and which ones)

Flett. There are enough men of business calibre left, after naming these, to form almost an ideal City Council, yet, reading the list I have given, what have these men done, what share have they taken in directing the vast public business of this city of Toronto? They have practically done nothing whatever. But the fault does not lie with them. One of the ablest of them was rejected by the people when he so far put his private interests in the background as to offer himself as a candidate for Mayor. This alone was sufficient to deter others. Men will not subject themselves to the possible indignity of defeat when, even should they win, a year of office will entail large personal losses, and so the city must continue to elect men who, for the most part, have not much to do anyhow nor much sensitiveness as to defeat. The faultless, the all-wise People can do no wrong—that is the cry of those with axes to grind and favors to ask; but if any man will spend half an hour in sober reflection he will conclude that the men who make great private enterprises successful are the ones who can pull the city to the front and put her affairs in order. And the People have not used the services of such men.

The man who reads the daily papers and begins comparing one item with another, gets a pretty fair idea of how the world is mixed up and pulled "hither and yon" by opposite con-

India could be plague-ridden and famished and the western world could know nothing of it in time to render aid, but man is now at last his brother's keeper. The question, Who is my neighbor? is answered by the map of the known world. It is a fine thing to see how the prosperous people of Canada are coming to the aid of their neighbors in India, and those who are free about cataloguing some in our midst as publicans and sinners are in duty bound to con the lists of those who subscribe funds to relieve the wants of people they have never seen nor expect to see.

In mentioning the proposed purchase of Cabot relics and the death of a woman, it is not intended to mar the excellent purpose of those who would found a museum here. The woman is mentioned merely to show that there are others in this town who, if petitioning the Council for anything, would not solicit the bones, boots, sailing charts and sword of a man who, on the waves of chance, bumped up against a corner of this continent four hundred years ago, after another man had shown him how to do the trick. Those two facts were brought together to show that well-fed people are interested in Cabot's bones, while hungry folks are interested in their own. A museum would be a good thing, but it should be started in the prosperous summer time. Whether the Cabots are worth \$25,000 of a museum fund

virtues, they would be coming very near the ideal of happy marriage and obtain happiness which money cannot buy. Taken from a man's standpoint, a good fellow is one who can be trusted; who is jolly and helps pass away the time and assists in dispelling clouds in business and social life. A woman who is a good fellow and who is a man's wife can provide a haven of rest for the ordinary business drudge, for when he gets home he has a good time, gets a good meal, and can sit with the woman to whom he is married and talk over the affairs of the day and the snarls he has had, until they disappear in the jocular and sympathy of someone who understands the whole racket. It is all fudge about dropping business when one turns the key in one's office door! It is no more possible to the ordinary man than to drop a love affair when a woman has refused him, or to forget the grudge when some man has perhaps called him a liar.

In the education of our young people do we pay enough attention to that important phase of life which means that the world shall be made endurable, if not pleasant, for those surrounding us? A vast amount of time is spent in teaching girls mathematics and other subjects which by no stretch of imagination can they hope to utilize unless they become school-teachers or something of that sort. Of course many of them are taught to wrestle with the

cently I saw a couple who were such exceedingly good fellows and understood one another so thoroughly, and made their lives so fit together both in good and evil luck, that I could not help mentally exclaiming, "What a fortune they have in one another!"

The subject of education no matter whether it is that obtained at home or in school, is beginning to attract attention from a new standpoint. A writer recently gave some interesting statistics in a local magazine, but I was surprised to find his conclusion so lamentably out of keeping with the facts he had so carefully adduced. After having shown that we were manufacturing doctors, lawyers, school-teachers and college graduates at a rate far in excess of our Canadian possibilities for such men to earn a living, he winds up by advocating the enlargement of the sphere of public schools and the doing away with all high schools which are not supported by fees. For the past ten years I have spent a great deal of time in what has seemed to be very ineffectual argument, in pointing out that not only should high schools be made almost entirely self-supporting by the fees of pupils, but that all of the frills and furbelows of education now pinned on to the common schools should become a part of the high school system. The magazine writer to whom I refer defeats his own case by arguing that some of the high



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

are assisting to guide the school expenditures of this city? How many of them hold municipal office and help to control the immense revenues of this city? How many are, in any way, contributing hard sense and business experience to the management of public affairs, local or general? Practically, the whole membership of the Board of Trade, consisting of the very pick of the men who are successful in business, avoids any and every kind of public office. They, with others, control the trade and commerce of the country. There is scarcely one business concern of any consequence in Ontario—no manufactory, loan company, railway company, navigation company, daily newspaper, bank or other organization of moment—that can hold a meeting of its directorate but that, grouped around the table, will be found men who are prominent in the Board of Trade. Yet the millions of dollars of annual expenditures made by the City of Toronto seem to suggest to no one the wisdom of interesting those business experts in so vast a business matter. Private capital has sense and caution; public money is insensate and capable of no such emotion as caution. The man who invests one thousand dollars in the shares of a company scrutinizes the list of directors, but he is not greatly concerned as to who shall squander his taxes.

Edward Gurney is president, and supporting him in control of the Board of Trade this year are such men as the following: Elias Rogers, A. E. Kemp, D. W. Alexander, E. A. Wills, E. B. Osler, D. R. Wilkie, William Christie, W. D. Matthews, H. N. Baird, W. G. Gooderham, J. L. Spink, Stapleton Caldecott, M. C. Ellis, J. Herbert Mason, J. H. G. Hagarty, John Carriek, E. W. Cox, George Keith and John

ditions and contending interests. One item will contain news of some honor conferred upon a man; the next will tell how another has suicided or absconded. In one column we read that somebody's son has won a gold medal in some competition; in the next it is recorded that some other person's son has been drowned and that the body has not yet been recovered. In Wednesday's papers this was well shown by four matters that were either recorded as news or commented upon in the Toronto papers. The four facts are these: (1) The terrible famine in India; (2) Corn is so abundant in Indiana that it is being used for fuel; (3) Toronto is asked to give \$25,000 to purchase relics of Cabot; (4) A woman in this city starved to death.

When one brings the various items in a newspaper into relation one with the other, they do not seem to form a very neat pattern or design. The doings of the people of this city any day in all the year make the veriest crazy quilt of pleasure and pain, economy and prodigality, vice and virtue, that the mind could imagine. If we could only get up on the roof of the world and look down, we should see such a tangled mass of endeavors, such a pulling and hauling of contrary energies—such struggles God-ward and such hell-bent plunges—as would sicken and shame us and make the past trumpet welcome to the unrealist of us all.

No doubt it is impossible to place the plenty of Indiana or of Ontario at the disposal of those who are dying in India, yet in these days of rapid communication Europe and America cannot let India starve, however much the fault of her condition lies at her own door. Before the days of the telegraph and steam,

is a fair subject of dispute, however, at any time of the year. I think that their ghosts will have no reason to complain after the celebration in their honor, even if this sum of money is not spent in buying questionable relics of them. They didn't find Canada for fun, and probably if John had been a good sailing-master he would have struck the continent much further south. The man is dead and gone, and there is no reason for hoarding up against his memory the imperfect charts that prove his execrable seamanship. He was as competent a trader as possible in his day and generation. There is another aspect of the case that is disquieting. The glory that is being lavished on the Cabots has given rise to a suspicion that somebody or other has a genealogical tree growing somewhere, which, in the fullness of time, will be transplanted into the open, showing that some local family or families is, or are, derived from the Cabot root. Many thinking men among us, wisely reticent as to genealogy, are of opinion that the public should not pay taxes to uplift one family over another in social consequence.

I have a question on my desk as to the average results of marrying for money. It is hard for one who has not tried such a mean method of making a living to answer correctly. I can say, on the other hand—I don't know when it was, long ago—a friend of mine introduced me to a lady one day, saying that she was a jolly good fellow. She seemed everything that he proclaimed her to be, good-looking, wholesome and even-tempered, and when after a while he casually admitted that she was his wife, it struck me that if men chose their wives for good-fellowship and *bon camaraderie*, as well as for their

piano or some other musical instrument, but this is supposed to be an accomplishment, and as a rule is selected without any reference to the tastes or talents of those who are to play. A little boarding-school French, and possibly a little smattering of German, may be added, together with some painting and fancy work likely to make home hideous if indulged in. Good cooking, good dressing, good nature, a tendency to romp and put care aside, have little place in the curriculum of either home or school life. The average girl who grows to be a woman, marries with some notion that she is liable to cut quite a figure in society, and very often church work or so-called charity enterprises, or social features, claim a great deal of her attention. If these women knew really how their husbands used to enjoy life in chambers, or even in a boarding-house, with a boon companion, they would cease to wonder that the men become dull and dispirited and ill-at-ease when, evening after evening, they have to "fix up" and go out, or poke around home doing the amiable to some unwelcome guest.

Good-fellowship, jollity of the simplest and most innocent sort, are always possible, and yet they are only within the reach of the minority of married men. Men do not care to bring their business troubles home, unless they can find sympathy and help, nor will they very long permit the home troubles to be obtruded upon them. The only man who can forget his business troubles at his own fireside is the one who has a wife and family who do not load upon his shoulders the misadventures of housekeeping and the worries of domestic life; and the phrase with which I started out came back to me, after years, when very re-

school curriculum is necessary to a complete common school education. This is a mistake. All the state should be charged with conveying to the pupil is reading, writing and arithmetic sufficient for the ordinary tasks of life; enough geography, as I have said a dozen times before, to inform the child that Canada is not the only country in the world, and enough history to make it evident that the world does not consist of a town or township and is likely to continue in existence long after the school session has changed its limits. Algebra is no more necessary to the common school pupil than Sanscrit, and Euclid enters into the ordinary life just about in the same proportion as astronomy.

Youngsters can be taught in a general way something about the stars and about many other languages outside of their own, and all the possibilities of a high and splendid education should be impressed upon them; but I contend with all the faith that is in me, and on account of considerable experience that I have had in teaching, that the simpler the education given in a free school the better. Every child should be taught to read fluently, intelligibly and intelligently; to spell perfectly; to quickly and mentally, as well as on a slate, calculate such things as are likely to occur in their everyday experience; they should write a good hand, and this is one of the most neglected things in our public schools. They should walk uprightly and carry themselves easily; speak clearly and gracefully; be mindful of those about them and obedient to those who naturally have authority over youth. Beyond these things, and a general knowledge of the world, its geography and its history, the nation owes nothing to the child in the way of information. Those who are particularly skilful in the

primary school might well be given scholarships and assisted through the next higher institution, but my own belief is that any boy or girl who is smart enough to be worthy an education at the state's expense is smart enough to get it by his or her own endeavors. What we have already accomplished in the way of higher education has been to train thousands and tens of thousands of our brightest and most capable sons and daughters so highly that they could not make a living at home, and had to go abroad, and often take the oath of allegiance to a country which loves us not. There is scarcely a clever and successful professional or business man in Canada who has had more than an ordinary common school education given him by the state. Everything else he has acquired has been by his own efforts. These are the people who stayed in Canada, and they have been of the greatest possible use to it. Those who have had all sorts of branches, and isms, and 'ologies, languages and 'matics, chucked into them at the public expense, are apt to be failures at home on account of the extraordinary competition that we have created amongst such people, and have to go abroad. For at least the fiftieth time let me reiterate the fact that we are educating young people for export. Don.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones' initial reception at Llawhaden was held on Friday, and people are unanimous in their admiration of the beautiful home, where a cordial welcome puts the necessary finish to the pleasure of a visit. The newest in artistic fads, which is somehow the very oldest sometimes, the most cheery and dainty coloring and the comfort which does not always accompany the smartest appointments, are seen, felt and enjoyed at Llawhaden. The famous grille, which has enchanted passers-by of various social strata, shades a small vestibule opening on a fine hall in oak, and winding stairway, lighted by a very fine triple stained window. The library, a cosy west room, leads to the large *salon* on the north side, done in white and gold, with charming arrangements for lighting and a floor to make dancing feet wiggle appreciatively. The billiard room, which all the men delight in, opens from the east end of the drawing-room; the dining-room with a fine southern outlook and a grand veranda running around its noble bay-window, is beautifully done in shades of blue, and natural woods. So much for the precincts with which the casual guest will soon be familiar. The more sacred domain of the upper floors accentuates the good taste and beauty below: a lavender and heliotrope room, vaulted strewn on the dainty embroidered draperies, cunningly painted on the frieze and ceiling, above deep mauve brocade, which covers the walls, and softly folded in rich curtains, a very nest of lovely color and luxury. A white *chambre à coucher*, the guest-room, and a room in palest blue, which proclaims its owner by a score of girlish trinkets, knick-knacks and belongings, and is bound to send her young friends daft in admiration, for I do not recall another maiden bower in Toronto so beautiful. Wild roses hang about the frieze, mirrors flash back the exquisite blue walls, the little French chairs, and now and then a fair face, which does not spend much time before them, having "all the housekeeping to do," as its owner gravely remarks. Miss Melvin-Jones inherits great force of character, and has improved every one of her score of years, so that she is fitted to enter into her coming-of-age heritage of one of Canada's prettiest homes, and her friends wish her many happy days therein.

The Leighton Club's initial dance attained quite the proportions of a ball, and the big square room at the Masonic Hall, Parkdale, was crowded with people on Tuesday evening. Nothing surprises the society creature more than the conclusive proof of the growth of Toronto given by such a dance as this. While there were enough of the season's *debutantes* and also a fair sprinkling of girls who have seen more than one winter in society, there were bewildering scores of pretty creatures who have not been seen, dissected and discussed outside of their own *coterie*, girls to whom the Yacht Club ball is a pinnacle of social greatness, and who have never seen the club parties nor sat behind a four-in-hand. The freshness of morning roses is on their cheeks, the dancing fun of girlhood in their eyes, and they were looking their prettiest last Tuesday. Needless to remark that a few men who have become slightly *blases* of their constant associates found *les ingenues* most charming and attractive. The patronesses of the Leighton (Leeton) Club are: Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Randolph Macdonald, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. Ambrey, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, and Mrs. Cummings. Mrs. Leigh wore lavender brocade; Mrs. Macdonald, a handsome black gown and point lace *berthe*; Mrs. Todhunter, a beautiful white paneled *noire*; Mrs. Duggan, pink silk with green velvet, and many odorous pink carnations; Mrs. Cummings wore black silk and lace. Other well gowned matrons were: Mrs. Goulding, in white silk, and Mrs. Garratt looking remarkably well in rich black satin; Mrs. McGowan, a picture in white satin; Mrs. Victor Armstrong, in white silk; Mrs. Charles Cameron, in black with white embroidery. Among the young ladies, Miss Milligan, in black velvet and point lace; Miss Yda Milligan, in a very pretty white frock; Miss Mollie Plummer, in white touched with green; Miss Williams of Barrie, in white; Miss Lockie, perfectly charming in pink; Miss Grace Cowan, in lavender; Miss Ethel Palin, in black with canary ribbons; Miss Isalen Ogden, in white with green and some lovely flowers; Miss Marling, in a pale green silk; Miss Street, in pale blue; Miss Langmuir, in black with pink flowers; Miss V. Langmuir, in white and looking very pretty, were a few of the many present. The supper was very nicely served by Albert Williams, and the Italians furnished music which might have been better. The dance was quite a triumph for the committee, and its success, I am told, was largely the meet reward of the invaluable secretary, Mr. C. L. Foster. Special cars brought the guests back to the city at two.

Mrs. Buchanan of St. George street has Mr. and Mrs. Weir Anderson on a visit before they leave for the West Indies.

Mrs. Church, whose hospitalities are so much appreciated, gave a charming dinner on Wednesday for Mr. and Mrs. Strathy of Queen's Park. Mrs. Church was a very well known hostess in her eastern home, and though she has lived very quietly since her arrival in Toronto two years ago, she occasionally entertains in the most perfect style.

The first bargain matinee ever given at the Grand was a bumper house on Wednesday, when a throng of people, both ladies and gentlemen, filled the boxes and stalls. The Wrong Mr. Wright is delightfully funny, and the audience were hilarious in the extreme. Another bargain matinee is on for Wednesday.

Miss Kathleen Gordon gave a children's party on Wednesday with the usual magic lantern show and pretty supper. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon have every reason to be proud of their pretty children, "Katie" and manly little "Robbie."

Mrs. May of Niagara street gave a very nice dance last Thursday week for her guest, Miss Mabel Clark of Hamilton, who left for home today. About sixty young people had a most pleasant dance in the billiard-room to very good music by Prof. Musgrave from Whaley, Royce & Co.

Many old friends are welcoming Mrs. Redden back to Toronto after several years' sojourn abroad. She returned last week and will remain in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening.

Among the various pupil recitals given during the last ten days was one by Miss Ethel Husband, pupil of Mr. Torrington, on Wednesday, and one on Thursday, January 21, by the

very pretty tea on Wednesday afternoon for a large number of lady friends in honor of a family party who are visiting her just now. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Grafton, her sister, Mrs. Dickson, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hastings. Miss Grafton, Miss Good, the Misses Seath, and Miss Gormley, were in the tea-room, where the daintiest of refreshments were served on a prettily decorated table. Mrs. Hastings wore a delicate mauve dress with white; Mrs. Grafton, a handsome black reception gown, with point lace plastron; Mrs. Dickson, a blouse of pink brocade and dark skirt. The very convenient arrangement of the reception, drawing and dining-rooms, which can be made practically one apartment, did away with the usual crowded doorways and halls. A few of the guests I noticed were: Mrs. Dewart, Mrs. Eckhart, Mrs. and Miss Howson, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Frank Hilton, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. I. E. Suckling, who was exquisitely dressed in a Paris toilette; Mrs. Hartley Dewart, who wore a smart fancy cloth gown in ecru, with soft white blouse and small toque; Mrs. and Miss Madge Gooderham, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Doolittle, and many others.

The Treble-Massey wedding, though strictly private, was one of the most lovely in accessories and toilettes ever seen in Toronto. The large *salons* of the family residence, Euclid Hall, were fairly transformed into hanging gardens, lilies, the bride's name flower, being in countless profusion everywhere; lilies-of-the-valley formed the immense bridal bouquet, lilies banked the mantel, twined the satin *priedien*, and bunches of the same enchanting little snowy bells were fastened by huge satin bows to the white satin cushions on which the bride and groom knelt to receive the church's blessing. The arch between the south parlor where the ceremony was performed and the other room, was *portiered*, if one may coin a word, with strings of smilax, looped back and overtopped by an immense sheaf of large lilies. The pillars were wreathed and the exquisite perfume of the flowers filled the air. Pretty electric lights twinkled among the blossoms, for though the marriage took place at half-past one, the bright midday light was carefully excluded. Miss Massey's gown was a Princess robe of the richest white satin, with a *ruche* of tulle at the hem, threaded with a narrow garland of orange blossoms. A large double Watteau pleat fell from the neck and formed a moderate train. Two *bretelles* of priceless point were artistically arranged above a softly folded *ceinture* of the satin, and wrinkled sleeves edged with a *ruille* of point, as was the Medici collar, finished a bridal gown worthy of a queen. The veil was of the rarest Brussels lace, worn off the face and having one corner fastened to the right shoulder with a posy of orange blossoms. The fair hair of the bride, always worn simply parted and waved, was in its usual fashion, and a diamond bar clasped the rare lace to its place on the *coiffure*. Another diamond clasp fastened the collar in front. Tall and graceful, surrounded by lilies, and robed like a duchess, Miss Massey was the cynosure of all eyes as she took upon herself the vows of wifehood. Her bridesmaid, Miss Ida Boate, wore white corded silk with a smart bolero, and very pretty trimmings; her niece, little Ruth Massey, was all in pink from neck to toes, and her little nephew Vincent was a page in black velvet, who acted very sedately as train-bearer. Mr. S. G. Treble of Hamilton was best man. The wedding breakfast was served in the two north rooms; in the first a table was set for the bridal party, while the guests were at various tables in the other apartment. Pink roses and asparagus ferns were the decorations here, in addition to lilies. The gifts were in Miss Massey's sitting-room upstairs, and it is easily believed that they were most elegant and artistic. Mr. and Mrs. Treble left for a short trip to Europe. They sail on the *Campania*, and will return the end of March. The guests at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Massey of London, Eng., Dr. and Mrs. Aberdeen of Syracuse, Mr. George B. Massey, Miss Anna Massey, Mrs. A. P. Massey of Watertown, Mrs. Denton of Boston, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler, Mrs. H. J. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mr. W. E. M. Powell and Miss Payne of Colborne, Mrs. George Munson of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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piano and 'cello pupils of Herr Rudolf Ruth. At the latter, Miss Mabel Hicks played the Mozart-Grieg Fantasia in C Minor, with the second piano accompaniment by Herr Ruth, in a most promising manner. She bids fair to be a very fine pianist. Master Otto Torrington and Miss Lois Winlow played 'cello solos. Herr Ruth on Monday last received a cable from Germany announcing the sudden death of his mother, which sad event has evoked many expressions of sympathy from his friends in Toronto.

Captain Septimus Denison, who has undergone an operation for an injured foot, is now on the high road to complete restoration, though still confined to his room at Rusholm.

The annual dinner of the officers of the Governor-General's Body Guard was held at Webb's on Thursday evening.

A great many jolly little parties have been given in town this week, scarcely deserving the name of events, by various hostesses who have people staying with them. Among the number a trio of delightful drives were much enjoyed, with supper and dance to follow.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's progressive euchre at Dunedin on Tuesday was a very smart affair. The ladies' first prize was tied for by Miss Reford and Miss Beatty, the visitor winning, on a draw, the first prize, (a very beautiful scent-bottle), and Miss Beatty taking second. Mr. Mowat won the first prize for the gentlemen players.

Mr. Bert Kent of B. & H. B. Kent's firm has gone on a trip to Washington, New York and Philadelphia.

The skating and carnival season is in full swing now and we have carnivals galore. The Granite and Victoria have both held very successful ones, at which I see Miss Douglas, our champion lady fancy skater, in her original and beautiful costume of Frost Queen, carried off the first prizes. Miss Douglas is one of the most graceful and charming lady skaters I ever met with. It was really fascinating and delightful to watch her gliding and skimming over the ice at the Victoria carnival last Wednesday night; she seems perfectly at home on her skates. I wonder some of the rink managers do not offer a medal for competition in graceful and fancy figure skating, so that more of our young ladies would take it up, especially as skating is such a fashionable pastime, besides being a most healthful and invigorating exercise.

Mrs. Hardy will not receive during February. Several of our best known hostesses have decided upon taking this month to return an accumulation of calls which must be made upon the same day as that on which they themselves receive. I have no doubt that February will be all too short for the Tuesday calls which have been made on the Premier's wife, who has only herself to blame for her popularity.

Miss Rosamund Fuller is having a delightful visit in Montreal. She goes from there to Ottawa for the season, and will not return to Toronto until spring. Dinners, luncheons, and parties of all descriptions are being given for her by her many friends down east.

On next Saturday Mr. W. Elliott Haslam gives a pupil recital of his advanced students at Messrs. Nordheimer's rooms in King street. A most interesting novelty will be a musical recital, a form of art which has, through Mr. Clifford Harrison, attracted a great deal of attention in London drawing-rooms lately. Miss Alexandrina Ramsay will recite The Raven, and music arranged by Mr. Haslam will accompany and fit the various sombre stanzas of Poe's masterpiece. The departure is sure to be interesting to those whose appreciation is desirable.

I hear a rumor of the approaching nuptials of one of our most prominent vocal artists and a lovely Toronto girl, well known in social circles.

Mrs. Louis Jones of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Spadina road.

Mrs. Joe Beatty gave a ladies' progressive on Monday afternoon, at which a lot of jolly people were present. There is no pleasant way to spend the later hours of an inclement day than in such informal functions as the above.

Mrs. H. Robertson of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Charles Pilon.

Mrs. Munzinger and Miss Munzinger of New York are visiting Mrs. Langmuir of Tyndall avenue.

There was a very sociable little gathering at the residence of Mrs. J. Lindsay, 220 George street, on Monday evening, January 25, to bid good-bye to Mr. George A. Young, who left on Tuesday for San Bernardino, Cal. The guests were the intimate friends of Mr. Young. Among those present were: Mrs. H. Staneland, Mrs. J. Bonner, Mrs. G. Goodwin, Misses C. Munday, Jessie McLean, Lily Gardner, J. Taylor, Flo Richards, B. L. Dewart, M. O'Malley, K. Lindsay, J. Lindsay, the Misses Orr, the Misses Tobin, Messrs. E. Edwards, William McIntyre, D. Garrow, Judge J. Bonner, Herbert Staneland, J. Young, J. McClure, Clair, R. Simpson, F. M. Brown, H. G. Gardner and William Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor of Robert street have their niece, Miss Coles, on a visit, and the young Chicagoan is receiving a good deal of attention from many of her aunt's friends.

Mr. H. E. Smallpeice, business manager of the *World*, Miss Eva Smallpeice and Miss Tottle Townsend of North Toronto are at the St. Denis Hotel, New York.

Miss Pearson of 546 Sherbourne street is visiting her sister, Mrs. Reginald A. Carter, of 8 Towers avenue, Montreal.

The progressive euchre given by Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke on Wednesday evening was a most successful affair. Fourteen tables competed for the prizes. The winners being Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Pyne, Dr. Garratt and Mr. Vincent Porter. Music was furnished during the evening by an orchestra, while the supper was all that could be desired. Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Dr.

and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mr. Harry Hees and Miss Hees, Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Crease, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and Miss Reid, were among the many present.

Mr. Arthur VanKoughnet's indisposition continues to deprive many bright reunions of one of their most attractive members.

The number of visitors in town, the brides and the *debutantes* who have come upon us in shoals this season are making their influence felt, and continual ripples agitate the social sea. Toronto has really been gayer this winter than for years, but then we are growing quite a city now.

The many friends of Mrs. William Clark will be pleased to hear she is recovering from the severe bronchial cold she has had the last two weeks.

We all hope the rumor is true that Dr. Body of New York, the late Provost of Trinity College, and his charming wife and little daughter are coming to spend a few weeks in Toronto, visiting friends.

The Mendelssohn Choir concert on Thursday evening was the most successful possible, and if anyone should be knighted in this year of Jubilee, I think the honor might fall among less deserving folk than the people who succeed in giving Toronto an evening of perfect music such as Thursday's. The ones who are not stars already should be stars and garters at the very least, but then it seems as if the whole galaxy are stars.

The last monthly reunion of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, held on Friday, January 22, was a very pronounced success. About one hundred were present, which just nicely filled the Club's hall. The following committee had charge of the affair: Mr. S. C. Graham, chairman; Mr. W. Weller, sec.-treasurer; Messrs. B. Sproule, O. Whinton, W. Rowntree, J. Graham, V. H. Thomas and I. Moore.

Mrs. Taylor of 22 Grenville street will receive on February 6, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow of Halifax are guests at Oaklands.

A second handsomely appointed dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews this week.

Mrs. A. Alton Wright, who has been visiting Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall, has returned home.

An At Home, at which everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves, was given by Miss Adah Clark of McCaul street on Wednesday last.

Mr. C. J. H. Winstanley, chief clerk of the railway mail service of the Toronto postal division, has not yet recovered from his attack of acute rheumatism, and it will be some time before he will be able to resume his official duties.

The Grenadiers' dance on Friday next is being ably worked up and promises even a better time than was enjoyed at the last assembly. A little bird has whispered me that we are even to have a mirror and an up-to-date dressing-stand in the ladies' dressing-room! We shall see if this little bird is a sparrow or a nice truthful bird with a conscience. The music will be the latest, including the Wizard of the Nile, The Giesha and The Shop Girl.

A polyglot club is the latest departure—that is to say, a reunion where one may speak any language but English. The initial meetings have been held at the residences of Mrs. Steele and Dr. Fletcher. The next meeting will be on next Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. Rose, 677 Spadina avenue. Members of the French Club will be welcome.

Mrs. Charles Fleming and Mrs. Street Macklem are to spend some months in the south of Europe. The shock of her cherished sister's death last summer has affected Mrs. Fleming's health and this trip it is hoped will restore her. Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Frank Hodgins were unusually fond sisters, and their intercourse had always been most constant; in fact, I fancy the tenancy of Streatham House by Mr. and Mrs. Fleming was mainly due to its propinquity to Cloynewood.

Seldom has one house in a very few years such a trio of delightful hostesses as has been avouched to a pretty little home in Elm avenue. Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Edward Hebben and Mrs. Lownsbrough have succeeded each other, and have also succeeded in making No. 51 a bright and cherished place in the minds of its fortunate *habitues*.

Mr. James Austin is lying very ill at his home in Davenport road.

Lots of snow and sleighing parties galore, and they sound very jolly careering by with tooting horns and chorus of song and laughter. But many agree with the cynic who said he knew easier ways of getting cramps.

"Gossip, gossip!" growled the crusty man. "That's all you women think of. I am going to the club." "That's where the spiciest gossip comes from," said a smart woman. "I wish I belonged to a man's club."

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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Frances Massey and Mr. J. M. Treble took place at the Massey family residence, Euclid Hall, on Tuesday morning, Rev. Mr. Allin officiating. Miss Massey's marriage was, owing to recent bereavement, almost strictly a family gathering, and thus one of the most richly dowered brides of Ontario wore her orange blossoms very unostentatiously. Ostentation in any case would be the last word suggested in connection with this refined and high-minded bride. Mrs. and Miss Massey are types of the finest and most lovable womanhood, as all their circle rejoice to acknowledge, and many are the kind wishes the bride of Tuesday carried with her on her bridal tour. Quiet as the ceremony was, nothing lacked of elegance and taste; the bridal gown was a proof that Toronto brides need not nowadays go outside of our own city for a perfectly designed *robe des noces*. Stitt's clever modistes achieved a veritable creation of beauty in the wedding dress worn by Miss Massey, which is to be also her reception gown when the post-nuptial receptions are held on Mondays in April, after four o'clock. A suite of rooms in Euclid Hall has been prepared for the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. Treble, so that a mother and daughter unusually linked by loving comradeship will be practically as much together as ever.

Lady Gzowski receives this afternoon at The Hall from half-past four to seven o'clock. The acting Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Casimir, and Lady Gzowski have charming assistants in entertaining in Mrs. Turner and her daughter, besides the always happy little circle from St. Joseph street.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton of Isabella street is spending some weeks in her girlhood home, London-less. In her absence the honors are gracefully done by her daughters.

Mrs. Kirchhoff, who has been doing the honors at Government House, Winnipeg, during Mrs. Patterson's absence in Europe, is expected here on a visit shortly.

Mrs. Creelman has been confined to the house with an attack of neuralgia for a fortnight, and has been missed from many social functions.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald gave one of this week's most delightful dinner parties.

The cheerful news from His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor is pleasant to receive. The after effects of the operation have been successfully overcome, thanks to skill and the sturdy constitution of the Governor, and already we are anticipating the great satisfaction we shall enjoy in welcoming him home.

SATURDAY NIGHT wishes a very happy birthday to Mrs. Farrar, "Grannie," to her friends and her little granddaughter, Miss Katie Stevenson, love to call her. Mrs. Farrar reaches her ninety-first year next Monday, and is the brightest and most cheery of nonagenarians imaginable.

Many friends were grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Trevor Baines, brother of Dr. Allan and Mr. C. C. Baines, which took place this week in California.

No more jolly assembly is given the winter through than that engineered by the Railway Conductors of Toronto Division, No. 17, and the one which took place last week on Friday evening in the Confederation Life ball-room was their tenth annual ball, and was a record breaker for enjoyment and general success. The fine ball-room was decorated with flags and streamers of bunting in patriotic colors, and the crowd, who danced indefatigably, was a very large one, about four hundred guests being a very reasonable estimate of its numbers. Jolly old boys, dapper young fellows, happy-looking matrons and pretty young wives and sweethearts were all there to have a good time, and they had it, until several of the small hours had passed. A buffet supper was served continuously after eleven o'clock, and the viands were excellent; so were the appetites which did them justice. The ball-room floor fairly shook under the hundreds of feet, as the strapping knights of the punch and lantern careered in the polka or circled giddily in the waltz. It was a "sight for a sight" to see the conductors dance. Many pretty gowns were worn, but it was easy to see that the jolly women and the merry girls were not of the order who delight to outshine each other. Never an envious glance nor self-satisfied simper marred the happy smiles that wreathed every face, and the frankly expressed admiration of each for the other was idyllic in its sincerity. A very fine lot of people are our conductors and their fair friends, and they know well how to enjoy themselves. The reception committee were: Messrs. W. Coulter, W. J. Gray, C. Mitchell, A. Johns, J. Jobbitt and D. S. Anderson. Four masters of the ceremonies, decorated with white badges, were kept very busy, Messrs. P. McMahon, J. Morrison, M. Corcoran and W. Hassard. Mr. R. A. Pardon was chairman, C. Stuart, treasurer, and G. T. Gallinger, secretary, to whom, with a large committee of arrangements, much credit is due.

The Riding and Driving Club had a drive last Saturday to the usual rendezvous, The Country and Hunt Club, and the dinner which followed was a very pleasant one. The parade of swell turnouts was not large, but those which were on hand were, as usual, well worth seeing. Colonel Otter drove four-in-hand, and the Stanley Barracks break carried a smart party. Captain and Mrs. Forester hurried away from Mrs. Alexander's tea and joined the parade in a cosy little red sleigh; Mr. George Stimson and Dr. Peters each drove tandem, and Miss Louise Jones drove the Benvenuto pair. The Master also drove his good nags, and a party of people were in one of the four-in-hand coaches. Everyone missed the Lieutenant-Governor, whose cunning hand and genial presence were last season the pride of the swell parades.

Mrs. McKenzie Alexander's ten was one of the season's successes, as everyone anticipated. There is a good little cherub who sits up aloft, apparently, in the interests of those hostesses down about the hospitable neighborhood of Bon Accord, for there may be frightful cold snaps, snow storms and deluges "ahint

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and afore," but the weather always shows up decently for their functions. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander were fortunately favored in this way, and heaps of people turned out for the reception. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ross brought Sir Adolphe Caron, and the diplomat was kept busy making pretty speeches to the women and saying polite things to the men, as is his charming custom. One delightful *mot* deserves to be embalmed, but not in this column! During the afternoon Miss Edith J. Miller sang several times and was the recipient of all sorts of flattering speeches, which she received with frank pleasure in the appreciation she aroused. Such speeches will not turn her clever and sensible head, though, according to a daily paper, her hair may be in danger, as it is described as "sunny," whereas in reality no raven's wing could well be blacker! Tea was served in the dining-room, with all the *electeras* calculated to tempt one to forget impending dinner, and the brew which, whether crimson or amber, goes under the name of "cup," was simply delicious. The buffet was beautifully done in green ribbons and pink roses, the latter lavishly abundant and lovely. "Please don't catalogue me like a milliner's block," sighed a woman plaintively as I gave her an admiring look-over. "It makes me ill to see my clothes dissected in print." And perhaps it may. The

gowns were the smartest of the smart. You know it is said by connoisseurs that each church congregation has its distinctive style in dress, but that for richness of material and handsome trimming the Scotch Presbyterians leave all others behind in Toronto. I wonder if there isn't a good deal of truth in that? A few of the well known *mondains* at Mrs. Alexander's tea were: The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Lady Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. Jack and Miss Bessie Macdonald, whose fawn *soutout* is an adorably stylish affair; Captain and Mrs. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald and Miss Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Willie Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Charlie Ryerson and Miss Weatherspoon of New York, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. E. Strachan Cox, Miss Evelyn Cox and Miss Leverich of New York, Mrs. and Miss Tricie Hoskins, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, the Misses Harmon Brown, Mrs. and Miss Justina Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. and Miss Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Winstanley, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Michie and Miss Skeaff, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. and Miss Reid of Rosedale, Miss Jennings, Mr. Bernard Jennings, Dr. Huyck and Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Willie Goulding, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, and very many others.

I hear that the Minister of Education has made arrangements with the ladies in charge of the Toronto School of Cookery in connection with the Y. W. C. A., to have the Normal School students receive instruction in domestic science from the Association's teacher every Monday at their school in Elm street.

On Thursday evening of last week one of the most delightful dances of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. Robins of Walkerville, the occasion being the *debut* of their daughter, Miss Gertrude. The house was beautifully decorated, the walls and ceilings being festooned with Christmas greens and quantities of pink ribbon. The mantels were banked with pink roses, Easter lilies, violets and ferns. From seven till nine o'clock a reception was held, after which dancing was indulged in until the small hours of the morning. Mrs. Robins was becomingly gowned in black satin brocade and point lace, and carried an enormous bunch of white roses; Miss Gertrude was a dainty picture in white satin and *mousseline de soie*, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses and maiden-hair ferns; Miss Ellie Phillips of Toronto looked her best in pale blue silk, and carried a bunch of Jac roses; Mrs. Albert Mussen of Montreal wore white satin, diamond ornaments, and carried red roses; Miss Laura King, another of the season's *debutantes*, wore white organdie and American Beauty roses; Miss Keighley was in pale yellow organdie with white lace trimmings, with a huge bunch of Jac roses. The above mentioned, with Mr. H. S. Mussen of Montreal, and Mr. Heber Phillips of Toronto, comprised the house party. About two hundred guests were received from Windsor, Detroit, London, Chatham, Toronto and Montreal.

The first presentation in Toronto of Victor Herbert's exceedingly funny opera, *Prince Ananias*, was given on Friday, when the boxes and stalls were brightly filled by a smart and unusually hilarious audience. The opera is a veritable absurdity, at which one may laugh outrageously and grow fat, as fat as Victor Herbert, if one sees it too often, perhaps. Mr. and Mrs. Porter, now in residence in Wilcox street, had a box party. The Manning box was also full, and those rarely tenanted boxes *en haut* were also occupied. In the stalls, I am happy to note, the hat nuisance has taken itself into limbo. One feels a sympathy for the one big Sunday hat of the woman who has so tardily voted it an ill-bred article in the theater. How its many plumes must droop and falter, and its viciously pointed wings stick up in rage, and all its various monstrous bows and things quiver with impotent fury, left behind in a bandbox, instead of blinding the eyes and ruining the tempers of their unfortunate followers! Exit the vulgar, much execrated theater hat, and enter the well dressed hair, shining and beautiful, and tiny velvet bandeau and rich roses, with glittering jewels, of the only headgear possible to the considerate lady, the dear little theater bonnet. On Friday the opera was prettily staged; the girls were prettily dressed. Alice Neilson was a "bird" in the estimation of others beside Barnabee, whose Sir John Macdonald get-up was positively haunting. The big tenor, Macdonald, the Canadian basso with the lovely rich voice and the school-boy face, and Jessie Bartlett Davis, who may have seen a good many summers but is still far from the sere and yellow, and can sing delightfully—all these are the impulse which make Herbert's opera "go" with a humor and a tunefulness most agreeable.

Rev. Prof. Cody, M.A., of Wycliffe College, assisted by Mr. Robert Parker, will give an illustrated lecture on Italy in the lecture hall of the Y. W. C. A., 18 Elm street, on Tuesday evening, February 2, at 8.15 o'clock, in aid of Y. W. C. A. funds. Tickets 25c.



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A WAR-TIME INCIDENT.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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DURING the civil war, the mountains of northern Georgia were the refuge of men who, to avoid conscription, hid in caves, canyons and dense thickets. Here also were the hiding-places of lawless bands of "bush-whackers," who went about robbing the weak and the helpless and often committing murders. Through having lost an eye in boyhood, and having a slight lameness in one leg, old Coot Yarborough had managed to secure immunity from military duty, and, with his wife, lived in a cabin at the foot of the Cohuttas, near the main road leading over the mountain.

"They are a-fightin' like rips over at Dalton," he said late one summer afternoon as he stood in the cabin door and looked eastward. His wife left the potatoes she was roasting in the hot ashes at the fireplace, came to his side, listened to the far-away artillery and sighed deeply.

"It's awful," she said. "Jest think o' the pore men that's bein' piled up an' drug off the field dead an' dyin', an' half o' 'em starvin' fur somethin' to eat. The Lord only knows what they are a-fightin' fur anyway."

"Let 'em go it," Yarborough said, unsympathetically; "the balls hain't a-goin' to reach us over heer."

"The war has ruin't my life," she said, with another sigh. "I mought a-putt up with yore disposition in ordinary times, but that is too much temptation amongst all this outlawin' fur a weak, waverin' man like you. I hoped you was goin' to do better when the war bust broke out, but I lost all heart when I discovered you was aidin' Seth Moore's gang o' he devils."

"You don't know what yore a-talkin' about," he replied surlily; "mind yore own business."

"You can't deny it," the old woman went on, with the calmness of resignation in her tone. "T'other night Bill Long come by axin' fur information o' his family, an' said he had got this fur without detection. You talked to 'im like a friend, and got 'im to set down to rest while you went an' told Seth Moore. Do you reckon I was much surprised when I heard they'd caught 'im a mile furder on, and robbed 'im o' the last cent he had in the world?"

"You don't know what you are a-talkin' about," he repeated, but he kept his eyes upon the ground and moved uneasily.

"Before Mandy married and moved away from us, you was a different sort of a man, kase she always did have some influence over you fur good. Yore evil ways begun with yore gettin' mad at her fur marryin' the only nan she ever did lay any store by, and you have gone down hill ever since. Mandy was the only child I ever had, but you separated me from her, and my life is just ruined—that's all. She's got grown children by now, an' they'd 'a' been a comfort to us, ef you'd jist been more forgivin'."

He was prevented from replying by the sound of horses' hoofs down the road.

"Git in the house," said the old woman calmly; "thar's no tellin' but it may be somebody lookin' fur you."

Pale and excited he disappeared into the cabin. Mrs. Yarborough stood in the doorway, prepared for any emergency. Out of the dusk, down the road, came a bay horse, ridden by a pale, slender boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, wearing a soiled and worn Confederate uniform. His left arm was bandaged and he looked very tired and weak.

"I'm a wounded soldier," he said, drawing rein at the cabin. "I've got a furlough an' am a-tryin' to git through to Pickens county to my folks. I don't know which side you are on, an' you may not want me to stop, but I've lost a good deal o' blood an' can't go any further to-night."

"We never turn anybody away ef we kin help it," the old woman said sympathetically; "git down an' I'll put yore horse in the stable."

"I'll tend to 'im," said Coot Yarborough, who had been listening at a crack in the wall of the cabin, and now came out fearlessly. The boy followed him as he led the horse to the stable behind the cabin, and with his uninjured hand opened the saddle-bags and emptied some shelled corn into the animal's trough.

"You got a mighty fine hoss," remarked Yarborough as they were entering the cabin. "I hain't seed as good a one in many a day."

As she placed a chair for the guest, Mrs. Yarborough cast a searching glance at her husband.

"He don't belong to me," said the boy. "A feller over thar at Dalton lent 'im to me to git home on. He was a preacher, an' was a-feerd the soldiers would take 'im anyway. I was offered two thousand dollars fur him in Confederate money this mornin'."

Yarborough had caught his wife's eye, and made no reply. He sat down in the chimney corner, kicked the pine embers under the logs, and continued to think of the good points of the horse and what might be done with it at a time when rich men were offering large amounts for any means of travel.

"I know you must be hungry," remarked Mrs. Yarborough; "you don't look overly well fed."

A smile came on the thin face of the boy. "I hain't had a bite since five o'clock this mornin', except some parched corn with salt."

"The Lord knows you ain't in no condition to travel on a empty stomach," the woman said. "We hain't got much, but we kin give you some hot corn bread an' bacon."

"That'll be mighty sweet-tasted to me," said the boy; "I hain't had nothin' but canned meat an' hard tack for a month. Hungry as I am, I've sorter turned agin it."

After supper they drew their chairs back to the fireplace, for the night air was cool. Rising to help Mrs. Yarborough put a log of wood on the fire, the young soldier dropped his haversack from his arm to the floor. There was a jingle of gold and silver coin, as a little bag filled with money rolled into sight. As he hastily, and with some embarrassment, picked it up and restored it to the haversack, the boy

caught Coot Yarborough's eye.

"I may as well own up that I've been tryin' to keep it hid all this time," he said, flushing. "I wasn't a-feerd o' you uns, but it belongs to a feller in the army, an' he axed me to take it to his folks nigh whar I live, an' made me promise not to let a soul know it was on me."

"It's mighty reeky in these mountains to be toatin' money about, ur to be astraddle of a fine hoss," put in Mrs. Yarborough at her dish-pan on the table, just out of the firelight. "You never know when you are with honest people."

"That's so," agreed the boy; "an' I don't like to be responsible for anybody's property. I made shore I was goin' to be robbed about an hour ago. I met two shabby-lookin' fellers on mules. I noticed that they liked the appearance of my hoss an' that they turned and followed me after I passed. My hoss was purty fresh, and when I got over the rise of the hill I whipped up an' got away from 'em."

"How fur back was that?" asked Mrs. Yarborough, with stern anxiety. Her eyes rested on her husband's face.

"Four or five miles, I reckon."

"Was one a tall, dark-complected man, an' t'other a little stunted feller with a gray goatee?"

"Exactly; you must know 'em."

"I do, ef anybody does. Thar ain't two blacker-hearted scoundrels unhung; they'd murder a sick woman fur her last quarter."

The boy put his hand on the butt of his pistol, and his face was very serious. "I wouldn't a-run from them as I did, but I had this money an' had lost my gun when my hoss was swimmin' the river. I didn't think my pistol would do any good, unless I could use both hands to reload."

The old woman dried her hands on her apron, came into the firelight, took his pistol and examined it.

"Is it loaded?"

"Yes'm, but the powder may be damp."

"They are a helpless kind of a thing," she said, holding the weapon down near Yarborough's knee, as she lifted the hammer and cap, and carefully looked at the powder in the tube. "Looks damp to me; my eyes are bad; you'd better not take any chances." Then, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, and despite the glare of opposition in Yarborough's eyes, she took down a shining revolver from the mantel-piece, and gave it to the boy. "I think we'd better swap," she said. "Yours will do for me; besides, we've got two guns, an' my husband has a Smith an' Weston that he always carries under his coat."

Yarborough's glare swept from her to the fireplace. He was afraid that she might go further in her insinuations.

"It's mine," she said to Yarborough. "I traded a good cow fur it, an' can dispose of it as I like."

"I am mighty much obliged," said the boy. "I wouldn't take it, but I've got a good deal of responsibility on me, an' may need it bad."

"I'd sleep with it cocked in my hand every night, on this road," she said, as much to her husband as to her guest. "This is a awful country fur a wounded boy like you to be in. You don't know who to trust."

"I know that, but speakin' about sleepin' reminds me that I need it bad. I kin hardly hold my eyes open, an' I want to get an early start in the mornin'."

"Yore bed is up in the loft," she said, rising. "You'll have to climb the ladder. Me an' Mr. Yarborough sleeps down heer." She lighted a short piece of a tallow dip and gave it to him.

"Well, I'll tell you both good-night," said the soldier, and he went to the ladder, followed by Mrs. Yarborough.

"I don't believe I'd take the trouble to undress ef I was you," she said in a whisper, as she caught the ladder to steady it. "You see thar's no tellin' when a body might be surprised."

"All right," he said; "good-night."

When the boy had disappeared, Mrs. Yarborough took a musket from the wall over the head of her bed and sat down opposite her husband. She drew the ramrod and carefully took the measurement on the inside and outside of the barrel, to see if it were charged, and then, when she had satisfied herself that it was, she examined the cap carefully. Yarborough was watching her movements like a suspicious dog.

"What are you a-goin' to do with that gun?" he asked.

"Use it, ef necessary," she replied, without looking at him. "Looky heer, Coot Yarborough," she went on, more sternly, "do you reckon I don't know that Seth Moore and Budd Hardeste are still on this boy's trail? They know in reason he'd have to stop somers to-night, an' this is the only place. Now, see heer, I can't help your conduct outside o' the house along with that gang, but in this cabin I will have my rights. That pore boy is helpless, an' ef them dirty rascals put their heads in at that door to-night, as the Lord is my stay and comfort, I'll do my best to blow their heads off."

"Puh!" he sneered. "You'd better mind yore own business, ef you know what's good fur you. You can't regulate the whole country; then fellers would make you sing a different kind of a song, ef they had a rope 'round yore neck as they did me once."

"I ain't as rank a coward as you are," she answered sternly. "You quiver at the very sound o' Seth Moore's voice. He orders you about like a dog, but ef they attempt any o' their tricks on this boy, I'll make 'em wish they was dead. He was wounded fightin' fur his country, while them that's afeared to face powder an' ball is a-slinkin' about heer in the mountains, robbin' women an' children."

"I'm goin' to bed," Yarborough answered; and he went to the high-posted bed, undressed, and retired. Mrs. Yarborough sat for several minutes looking into the fire; then she got up, went to the door, and looked out down the road. Seeing no one, she closed the door and barred it. Then she put a stick of wood on the fire and lay down beside her husband.

The hours passed. Mrs. Yarborough was pretending to be deep in sleep. Her eyes were closed, and she drew her breath heavily. The fire had burnt so low that the light had ceased to flicker on the walls and ceiling.

Coot Yarborough was not asleep. He was expecting something. Toward morning it came, a soft whistle, the imitation of the whip-poor-will's call thrice repeated. He sat up stealthily, and looked at the face of his wife in the semi-darkness. Not a muscle of it betrayed wakefulness; her breathing was that of a sound sleeper.

Dressing himself noiselessly, Yarborough unbarred the door, opened it, and went down the road in the moonlight. He had scarcely left the doorstep when his wife rose, drew on her dress, crept to the door and looked after him. She heard him repeat the whip-poor-will's call, and saw eight or ten men ride out of the bushes to meet him.

"Lord have mercy!" she muttered. "The whole gang is heer; don't see how on earth I can save 'im." But out of her sheer despair rose a plan for the boy's escape. Going to the stable, she quickly bridled and saddled his horse, and left him fastened to a bush in the edge of the woods back of the cabin. Then she crept around to the front door, bending near the earth, so as not to be seen, and took a hasty look down the road. The men had dismounted and stood grouped around her husband. They were planning an attack.

Hastening into the cabin, and shuddering at the sound of the puncheons creaking under her feet, she mounted the ladder to the loft. The moonlight shone through a little shutterless window, and fell on the bed of the young soldier, who was so sound asleep that he did not stir till she had touched him. But she had no sooner done so than he sat up and laid hold of the revolver lying ready at his hand.

"It's jest me," she said in a cautious whisper. "Git up as quick as you possibly can. Thar's a whole gang o' bush-whackers out thar ready to rob you."

"I reckon not," he said, not yet fully awake, but she heard him cock his revolver the next instant, and knew he had comprehended her warning.

"Hurry up," she said. "I've got yore hoss ready tied in the bushes."

He was holding his revolver between his teeth, and grunting impatiently as he drew on his coat over his bandaged arm. "I'm ready," he said, as he followed her to the ladder, "but I didn't have Tom Brantley's money and that hoss to look after, I'd jist like to let 'em smell my powder—the dirty dogs!"

They had reached the floor beneath and she held up her hand warningly while she peered through the door.

"Thank goodness, they are down thar yit, but—but come on quick; they're a-comin'! Follow me around the house! Stoop as low as you can."

Half a minute later they had reached his horse.

"Git up," she said, as she aided him to mount. "I'll show you a way through the woods. When they find you gone, they'll think you went the main road. I kin lead you to another big road, an' they will never ketch you in the world."

They had gone about a quarter of a mile, she keeping ahead and parting the bushes and briars, when the young soldier said:

"Hold on thar, I kin git through the bushes an' snags better than you can with yore dress a-drappin', an' soakin' wet with dew. You git up heer an' let me walk."

"Sh! it ain't fur," and she raised her hand warningly and continued on her way, till they had reached a spot where the trees grew very densely; then she stopped and stepped back to him. She was panting heavily and her hair was wet with dew.

"Listen," she said, with a grim smile. "They couldn't find us heer, but they are in the cabin now. That sound was the ladder a-fallin'; I fixed it so it would slide to one side the minute anybody got to it. Thar! I heer 'em a-cussin'; they have discovered yore escape. Thank heaven!"—as a clatter of horses' hoofs came to them on the still air. "Thar they go, up the big road like rips. They will try to overtake you, never imaginin' you went this way. Come on; t'other big road is right out thar. When you git on it you'll be all right."

A moment later the long yellow roadway lay before them, stretching upwards in the moonlight.

"I reckon I'd better turn back," she said. "Keep straight ahead and you'll git to Ellijay some time in the mornin'. But I was jist a-thinkin'; you never told us yore name."

"Roberts," he replied, smiling. "And I've eat yore meat an' bread, an' slept in yore horse, thout so much as axin' yore'n."

"Yarborough," she said.

"Yarborough," he repeated. "Why, I've got a granddaddy an' grandmammy down in Fannin county by that name. It ain't a common one. Coot Yarborough was his name. My mother left 'em fore I was born."

She had turned very white and laid a trembling hand on the boy's leg. "That's my old man's name, an' we lived in Fannin fore we moved up heer after the war broke out. I wonder—I wonder ef you are one of Mandy's children!"

"That's her name, as shore as preachin'," and the boy leaned down and studied the features of his rescuer. "I thought thar was something that made me feel at home with you the minute I heerd you speak. I went to sleep up thar in the loft easier than I have fur many a night in a long time. But what become o'—o' him—the old man? Somehow I couldn't quite trust him the same as I did you."

A big tear came out of her eye and fell to the ground.

"I'm ashamed of the way he treated you," she said, almost sobbing. "I'm afeerd Mandy never would understand it."

"I never would mention it to her," replied the boy, slowly comprehending her drift. "Though I want to tell 'er about you. I'm mighty glad I seed you. Ef the war's ever over I want to come out heer an' help you with yore crops. I wouldn't mind 'im."

"He ain't so awful bad," said the old woman, "but since the war begun he has changed from what he used to be, sence he got in with these desperadoes. He's naturally cowardly, an' they have threatened to take his life ef he ever

Stop and Think

Whether it is better to drink the nerve and stomach disturbing teas of China and Japan or...

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failed to obey their orders. But ef he'd a-knowned you was Mandy's child he'd a-let them cut his throat rather than a harmed you, fur she was about all he ever cared fur. Maybe I kin persuade him to move over nigh you-uns. I wish he would. I am tired out with this way of livin'. I want to see my child before I die."

"I reckon you do," said the young soldier, pained by the sight of her emotion. "Come, go with me, now," he urged. "Git up heer. This hoss will tote double. Mother an' the children will be glad to see you. Pap is off in the war."

The old wrinkled face glowed with pleasure. "I couldn't think a-goin' now; he's too weak an' waverin' to be left to himself; but I'll come before long, ef I am able." Then she broke out into a joyous laugh like that of a child. "I declare, how much like Mandy you do talk, now I know who you are. You've got her head an' eyes. But you'd better be a-goin' now. Tell Mandy I'll come over thar as soon as I kin arrange it."

The light of dawn was whitening the eastern skies as she entered the cabin door. Coot Yarborough was sitting over a big fire, his hands outstretched to the flames. She saw a look of intense relief spread over his face as she came in, and then he gazed doggedly into the fire. Neither spoke for several minutes, as she sat drying her shoes and skirts near him. She broke the silence presently.

"Coot Yarborough," she said, "I've got more Christian patience with you right this minute than I ever had, in spite of what you tried to do to that pore wounded boy last night. The Heavenly Father stepped between you an' a awful crime. That boy them fellers might a-murdered last night (fur he'd a-fought 'em till he drapped) was nobody else but Mandy's oldest boy."

He started, gazed at her wildly, an awful horror growing in his eyes, for fully a minute; then he hung his head and quivered in every limb for a long time. Her dress dried, she rose and looked down at his cowed figure pityingly.

"I'll fry some bacon an' put on a pan o' bread," she said gently. But he made no reply, and she busied herself with the cooking utensils on the hearth at his feet.

"He was mighty anxious to have us move over thar," she went on. "He 'lowed he'd help us with our crops ef the war was ever stopped, an' that Mandy an' the rest of 'em would like to see us. Roberts ain't thar; he's off in the war; you wouldn't have to see him. I am mighty lonely, so fur from women folks, an' I do want to see Mandy and her other children. I'd think you would, too."

"After what happened last night—" the old man began, but he did not finish what he started to say, and, to hide his embarrassment, he rose and stood in the door.

"He said he didn't intend to say one single word about it," said Mrs. Yarborough argumentatively; "he ain't the unforgivin' sort."

"What time had you ruther start?" Yarborough asked, his eyes on the white mists that were climbing up the mountain side. "I kin zit a wagon for our things an' a hoss. I don't intend to meet them fellers agin. They are mad at us, kase he got away last night. I—I knowed you had led 'im out the back way, but I didn't let on, kase—kase they would a-killed you ef they had caught you."

"We'll go to-day, then," said the old woman. "I want to see Mandy mighty bad."

Not since the birth of her only child had Mrs. Yarborough felt so happy as when she and her husband drove over the mountain to join those she loved in the peaceful valley beyond.

THE END.

A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

"Is there any English equivalent of *racoon-tee*?" "Well, 'bore' fills the bill in some cases."—Puck.

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QUEER CORNER

Our readers everywhere are invited to send us items for Queer Corner—facts of any unusual kind. This department is unique in the Canadian press, and the activity it has caused in the discovery of relics shows that it is doing a good work. Those who have old books or curiosities to sell, or of which they wish to ascertain the value, are welcome to freely use this column, and may thereby reach those throughout the Dominion who are interested in the rare and the curious. As old coins and postage stamps would form too big a contract for so small a corner we must exclude these interesting pursuits, but invite all interested in old books, manuscripts, pictures, furniture, medals, dishes, cutlery, etc., to open correspondence with Queer Corner.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK HORNER.

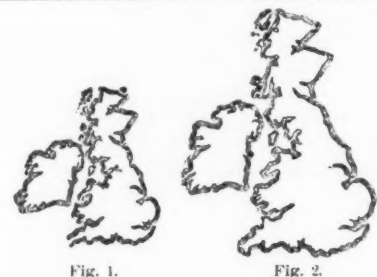
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating some Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, saying, "What a good boy am I!"

This is the nursery rhyme that has been so often repeated, until every child has it by heart, but whether Little Jack Horner deserves the title of "good boy" bestowed upon him by the nursery ditty is more than doubtful. However, this is the origin of the story: When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove out the old monks from their nest, the title deeds of Wells Abbey, including the sumptuous grange built by Abbot Bellwood, were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London; and as the documents were very valuable and the roads infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis in safety. To accomplish this end, however, he devised the following plan: He ordered a pie to be made as fine as ever seen on a refectory table; inside he put the documents, as rich a filling as pie ever had. He entrusted this to a lad named Jack Horner to carry up to London and deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. The journey was long and the day was cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie looked tempting, and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of pie. To his surprise he beheld the parchment. Pulling it forth innocently enough, he wondered how it got there. Tying up the pastry he journeyed on, and when he arrived in town the parcel was delivered, but the title deeds were missing. Jack had them in his pocket—the juiciest plums that had ever been made into a pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. Jack kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

Toronto, Jan., '97. E. YATES FARMER.

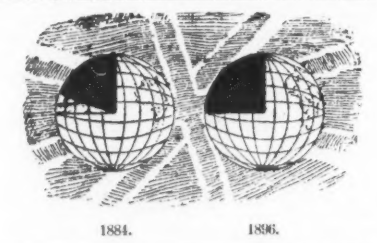
THE GROWTH OF TWELVE YEARS.
The twelve years from the close of 1884 to the end of 1896 have been years of comparative peace in the British Empire, yet the sway of Great Britain has been marvelously extended.



If we assume that Fig. 1 represents the size of Great Britain and her colonies in 1884, then Fig. 2 shows the growth she has made in twelve years. Here are the figures as nearly correct as possible:

1884.....8,530,770 square miles.
1896.....11,334,391

These figures do not include such dependencies as Cyprus, Egypt and the Sudan, although these are governed from London. If their area be added, the total reaches 13,206,402 square miles, which is one-third greater than the Russian Empire, and nearly three times the



size of Europe. The chief increase has been in Africa, where in 1884 Great Britain had 213,000 square miles, and has now 2,307,311 square miles, the added territory consisting chiefly of East Africa, Rhodesia and Uganda. In India 346,170 square miles have been added. In Australasia, New Guinea has been added. The second drawing here given shows the growth of the Empire in population in those twelve years, until Great Britain now controls a little more than one-quarter of the world's population.

WOLFE'S WALKING-STICK.

Mr. G. F. Shrapnell of 104 Major street, Toronto, possesses a gold-headed cane that originally belonged to Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who fell on the Plains of Abraham on September 12, 1759. This cane has for the last few days been on view in a store on Adelaide street east and has excited a deep interest. The cane has belonged to the Shrapnell family for 138 years. After Wolfe's death his body was embalmed and taken to England, and all his personal belongings were sold at auction. Among the relics, Captain William Foster Shrapnell, who was present at the sale, purchased the gold-headed cane which had been constantly carried by the general for a number of years. The present custodian of the souvenir, Mr. G. F. Shrapnell of Toronto, is unable to state whether or no the walking-stick accompanied General Wolfe during his arduous American campaign. The stick, on the death of Capt. W. F. Shrapnell, sr., was bequeathed to Captain W. F. Shrapnell, jr., the father of the present owner, who resided in London, England. In the late thirties Mr. G. F. Shrapnell emigrated to Canada and on one of his visits to the Old Country nearly a half a century ago his father presented him

with the stick and he conveyed it to Canada. It has been in his possession ever since. It is a very handsome malacca stick, with a massive gold head, and a long ferrule at the foot, loaded with lead. An inch below the head is a large hole through which leather tassels were once pendent. This cane is a valuable addition to the souvenirs of Wolfe that are known to be in Canada. By the way, Mr. Shrapnell is a relative of Major Shrapnell of Orillia, Ont., the inventor of that death-dealing engine of war, the famous screeching Shrapnell shell.

THE TRENTON WHISTLE.

Last week an item appeared in this Corner speaking of the famous Gilmour whistle as though it belonged to Picton, whereas it belongs to Trenton. Several complaints have reached us, but the following from a Toronto reader is selected for publication because it is brief:

Sir,—A correspondent's lack of local knowledge will cost you both prestige and subscriptions in Trenton, Ont. If there is one thing of which the people of that town are proud and sensitive it is the Gilmour whistle. You gave that whistle, with all its honors, noise and punctuality, to the town of Picton, and must stand the consequences. The writer has often heard Trenton's distinguished whistle in the city of Belleville, twelve miles distant from the point of whistling.

S. T. W.
Now we are getting at the facts. Here is a reputable correspondent who has heard the Trenton whistle at a distance of twelve miles. Last week a correspondent said that the Lindsay whistle had been heard "seven miles against a contrary wind." Will some Lindsay reader, under favorable wind conditions, test the town whistle to see if the Trenton record of twelve miles can be beaten?

ANOTHER OLD BOOK.

Sir,—I have in my possession a book that is nearly two hundred years old. Its title is, The Proceedings of the House of Commons, Touching the Impeachment of Edward, Late Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, Anno. 1667. It was printed in 1700, on a sort of parchment vellum, is bound in leather, and is easy to read.

J. J. C.
Toronto.

THE MOST NOTABLE "CALL" OF DUTY.
General Robert E. Lee, the famous Southern General in the American Civil War, was a man of great ability and rectitude. In 1845 he accepted the presidency of a college at Lexington, Va., at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and declined the presidency of the National Express Company at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. He said that duty called him to educational work, and his fine example and influence did much to restore good relations between the North and South. Many tributes of respect have been paid to Robert E. Lee, but he deserves the place he holds in the world's esteem.

SLAVERY IN CANADA.
Mr. T. W. Casey, writing in the Napanee Beaver on old days in Canada, refers to slavery in the Bay of Quinte district. He says: "The Allens brought three slaves with them, who remained with the family for years after. Thomas Dorland also had a number of slaves who were members of the household as late as 1820, if not later. The Prunys, who lived on the front of Fredericksburgh, had, we are informed, over a dozen slaves with them. The Rutlands, of Adolphustown, brought two able bodied negro slaves with them. Major Van Alstine also had slaves; so had John Huyck, who lived north of Hay Bay, and the Bogarts, near neighbors, and the Trumpons, on the opposite side of Hay Bay. The Clarks of Ernestown owned slaves, who were with them years after their residence in Canada. The Everetts of Kingston Township, and Cartwrights of Kingston also had theirs. It is to the credit of Upper Canada that during the second session of our first parliament an anti-slave law was enacted that prohibited any importation or selling of slaves, but did not prevent the then holders from retaining those they then had." Upper Canada, therefore, led the world in this matter, as this was many years before England declared against slavery.

SUICIDE OF A DOG.
Last Sunday a pair of young men were up at the top of the toboggan-slide in High Park. The slide is built on posts and at the summit is about seventy feet from the ground. A fence the height of a man's shoulder surrounds the level platform at the top. With the party was a young greyhound, whom its owner had for some time been teaching to jump. The dog, seeing this fence, suddenly made a clean bound over it and falling to the ground was killed instantly.

QUEER POINTS.
The spire of the Roman Catholic church at Wallaceburg, Ont., was struck by lightning on Sunday, January 17. It is not often that such accidents occur in midwinter.

When a person steps on a wire door-mat which has been placed before the entrance of the new city market of Springfield, Mass., the doors are opened by electricity.

A steamer collided with a lighthouse recently in Belfast Lough, and having upset it went on. The keeper and his wife stuck to the light till they were taken off by another steamer an hour later.

One on the King.

During the reign of George III., a situation of some importance in the Government having become vacant, the King heedlessly promised it to an individual he wished to oblige; but the Cabinet had other views, and resolved these should be carried out. Accordingly, a blank form was drawn up, with the intention of paying His Majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in the commission.

Drawing up the form, however, was one thing, braving the royal displeasure was another, and the members of the cabinet were all so unwilling to undertake making the application that they at last agreed to decide the question by lot. The task fell to the witty Lord Chesterfield, who boldly entered the royal closet with the blank commission in one hand, and a pen in the other, respectfully soliciting his Majesty's pleasure.

After some discussion on the King's choice, which the noble lord delicately but firmly demonstrated to His Majesty could not be complied with, the King angrily turned from him, saying, "Then give it to the devil."

Chesterfield hereupon made as if about to fill up the blank, but suddenly paused to enquire, "Would your Majesty please that this commission should follow the usual form, 'To our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the devil?'" At this the king could not resist a smile, and the cabinet carried the day.

A Newspaper Story.

For many years the Cincinnati Enquirer used to print a solid editorial page, and employed an exclusive editorial staff of six writers, who wrote all their matter at night in order to keep abreast of the telegraphic news. One Fourth of July evening as they assembled to begin work, somebody suggested a patriotic drink in honor of the occasion. They filed down to a restaurant near by, and, as they lined up at the bar, the door opened and Washington McLean, the presiding genius of the paper, came in. Mr. McLean did not drink often, but when he did he drank very hard. On this occasion he was celebrating the Fourth. The result was that round after round of whisky was ordered and nobody thought of the editorial page except one writer (who tells the story in the Chicago Times-Herald), who went back to the editorial rooms and sat down to write an editorial. He never got beyond the first sentence, "Yesterday was the Fourth of July." The next day, when the paper came out, on the editorial page there was just one line of editorial matter. At the top were the words: "Yesterday was the Fourth of July," and the rest of the page was filled with news. The reading public believed that the change was intentional, and Mr. McLean received so many congratulatory letters, commending his enterprise in giving news preference over editorial, that he abolished the editorial page permanently.

Gave Away His Crutches.

The Story of Mr. J. McDonogh of Tiverton, Ont.

Suffered From Two Severe Attacks of Rheumatism—Doctors Feared the Trouble Was Going to His Heart—Pink Pills Cured Him and He Gave Away His Crutches.

From the Tiverton Watchman.

Anyone seeing the robust health and active form of Mr. Jack McDonogh, who is managing Mr. A. Gilchrist's harness business during his absence in Scotland, would be considerably surprised to learn that only two years ago he was a confirmed invalid and unable to walk without the aid of crutches. But such is the case, and hearing of his remarkable cure from the excruciating agony of inflammatory rheumatism by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a representative of the Watchman called upon him to learn the particulars. Mr. McDonogh was found working at the harness bench, as well and active as any young man in the country, and in reply to a question about his cure said: "Yes, mine was quite a remarkable case. Two years ago last spring, while at home in Wingham, I was suddenly taken down with rheumatism, my feet and ankles swelling so that I could not even put on an overshoe. I was in bed for three weeks under the care of the doctor, and had to use crutches for a long time after that. The next spring the rheumatism came back again, worse than ever, attacking all my joints, but principally my ankles, knees, hips, elbows and wrists. The doctor gave me very little encouragement and said he was afraid of it going to my heart and killing me. I had read a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures they had wrought, and I determined to try them. At first I did not notice much change, but before I had taken a half-dozen boxes I was so much improved that I had given away my crutches and have never required their use since. I still took the Pink Pills for some time longer and I have never had a touch of rheumatism since, and hope I never may. I can say that Pink Pills cured me of a bad case of rheumatism and I cheerfully recommend them to others suffering as I did.

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all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Mistakes will occur! It has been discovered that one section in the Ontario Municipal Act has not been repealed or amended since 1842.—Kinardine Review. This explains why the Legislature has been called to meet next month.

She—There's a blunder! Six months are supposed to elapse between the first and second act. He—Well? She—They have the same cook.—Puck.

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The Drama.

WHEN London, or for that matter when any large city sleeps, it apparently does not all go to sleep at the same time, and the exceptions appear to be numerous and interesting. Judging from Mr. Darrell's play which is on the boards of the Toronto Opera House this week. It would also appear, somewhat indirectly perhaps, that the habit of going to sleep at night may be conducive to longevity, but not to the enjoyment of it; and that all sorts of a high old time may be had by ladies and gentlemen who sleep when other people are up and doing, and are awake and busy when other people are asleep. Mr. Darrell was daring, if not wise, in giving us examples of some of the performances of this latter class; he displayed vigor, but not sense, and his work shows the blundering hand of a novice dealing with things he does not understand and playing with edge-tools of whose dangerous character he is not aware. I presume that these may be circumstances under which the portrayal of the inside of a brothel may be instructive if the audience are sober, or amusing if they are drunk; but as it appears in When London Sleeps it is neither amusing nor instructive. The debauched woman, comfortable, luxurious, self-possessed and thoroughly at ease, is not exactly an elevating or particularly attractive object. It is contrary to what good feeling there is in the spectators, be that little or much, to admire her; but she is there, obviously, to be admired. The second act shows, whether it is so intended or not, that the company of the immoral is not so awfully unpleasant or disagreeable after all; and, by showing only half the picture, a false impression is sought to be created which we are not quite ready yet to accept as true to life. If Mr. Darrell keeps on though, we may come to it in time.

Plays of this class are usually justified upon the assumption that it is the duty of the dramatist to portray life as it is; that these things exist; that they form part of the great moral and social fabric, and that therefore they cannot be disregarded by those who would honestly fulfill their obligations to the public in this respect. Sublime Apotheosis of Eternal Dirt! Is it impossible for thinking men and women who have seen ever so little of the world, to recognize that there is filth in it without having it flung in their faces? Are we unable to perceive that a muddy puddle is dirty without lying down in it ourselves, or getting some one else to do so, in order that we may note the result so that we can then possibly secure the services of a dramatist who will illustrate how the effect may really be rather ornamental than otherwise? But on the other hand, if this assumption be correct, why not extend the idea? If it is right in things pertaining to morality, why not in those that belong to our physical welfare? For instance, a case or two of *delirium tremens* would become a necessity on every temperance platform; the street railway people could enforce their well meant but little regarded warnings as to getting on and off cars while in motion, by having such operations as carelessness in this respect too often renders necessary, performed by a competent staff of doctors on the stage of the Massey Hall, to which the public would be admitted and special invitations ought to be sent to those known to be guilty of this practice; newspaper men—and dramatists—might be warned against the evils of mental overwork by an exhibition of a choice selection of real idiots; and scenic photographs from Tophet, taken on the spot, would make the fortunes of traveling evangelists the world over. Why not? Absurd, is it? Not at all. Or, at least, not more so than the assumption that we will not know what mental and moral wretchedness and filth are unless they are paraded in all their hideousness before our very faces. The difference, if any difference there be, arises from the fact that the physical stomach is tender and apt to rebel, while our mental digestive powers are held to be equal to anything.

This feature apart—and though it is prominent it is not a leading feature—When London Sleeps is interesting in many ways. There is a suspicion of novelty about the story—a melodrama cannot, of course, be really new—and the mechanical and scenic effects are excellent. There are many surprises, which are the more marked because the audience is kept—literally as well as figuratively—a good deal in the dark. It ought to be as popular as a certain railway said to exist in England that had an average of three long tunnels per mile. In these intervals, while the scenery is being shifted, you can supply some more surprises on your own account. It is really a good melodrama, marred by one weak scene, as many another has been; but it is interesting throughout and the various parts are in capable hands.

ROLAND REED, like Sol. Smith Russell, does not lose his identity in any role he may play. He is pretty much himself—in so far as his manners of speech and action go—whether he is on or off the stage. It is therefore permis-

sible for the critics to argue as to whether he is an actor or merely an entertainer, and I suppose (again like Sol. Smith Russell) Roland Reed doesn't care a continental what decision the critics may reach in regard to him so long as he continues to be satisfactory to himself, his managers and his public. Among those who come to the Grand every season there are few who stand as well with Toronto people as Roland Reed and his wife, who is known by her stage name, Isadore Rush.

Reed is a comedian of a most amusing character. He is a great phrase-maker. In every comedy he has yet produced he has had running through it a stream of phrases that can only be accounted for by supposing that he creates them himself. Half a dozen different authors could not show such a similarity of talent in absurdly amusing phrase-construction. Isadore Rush, too, looks well in semi-masculine coats and hats, and here, too, we see the influence of this happy family upon the play-wrights, for generally Mrs. Reed has a chance to wear smart coats and jaunty felt or straw hats.

Charles Coote, whose facility as an actor we have learned to admire in Toronto, gives a faultless bit of work as Lord Brazenface, the degenerate young nobleman who thinks he is "a killer" among the ladies. Stupid in all but impertinence, this fellow is at once amusing and repulsive to the audience. This part is the most notable creation in The Wrong Mr. Wright. Roland Reed has the sense to carry a fairly competent company and to put on a play that has in it good parts for others besides himself and wife. Thus the general result is enhanced by effective undertones. Sheridan Tupper as Mr. Clingstone, who is freighted through life with a corpulent sister, makes up capital for a meagre part, and Charles S. Abbe, after going through the first act in perfunctory fashion as Sites' nephew, braces up and plays his role well in the two remaining acts. Of Miss Isadore Rush I have already spoken, but would add that her singing of I Want Ye, Ma Honey did not strike me as being overdone. Tuesday evening both her songs were sung with excellent sense and feeling I think, but in saying this I would add that the public must be getting fairly well tired of "ma honey," which never was artistic, but always a big splattered dab of a song—as crude as the cry of an amorous bull-frog in a marsh.

The orchestra at the Grand Tuesday evening gave us The Black Cat Patrol, described in the programme as by Janssen, new and comic. The comedy of this piece presumably consisted in a few caterwauls, executed in a shame-faced way by the snare drummer (I think) at certain intervals. This piece is not "comic" at all. It may be new, but it never will grow old. An orchestra does not need such trashy adjuncts as caterwauls. The Railroad, a descriptive gallop by Hossler, has much to recommend it, but Mr. Jennings, who leads the orchestra, should discriminate against novelties that are absurd and nothing else.

I rise to ask if the dramatic critic of the London News is subject to fits, or are type-setting machines used on that paper? An otherwise thoughtful article on The Wrong Mr. Wright contains this sentence: "The 'plot' of the thing is inconsequential, and without Mr. Reed and his wife, Isadore Rush, it would have stilled Hx. Wl wa kpasu."

A reader "on the road" sends me this item: "Miss Bessie Findlay of Toronto, who has taken the stage name of Lorraine Armour and who is understudying the prima donna role in Whitney's Rob Roy company, played the part of Janet with decided success in Philadelphia on January 21."

The title of the new Irish comedy-drama, The Bells of Shandon, in which a new star, James W. Reagan, will make his first appearance here next week, was suggested by the famous poem, Shandon Bells. The author is said to have built a bright and original play

without red-coats, clap-trap or cheap sentimentality—just a simple little story of love and patriotism that touches the heart and elicits alternating tears and smiles. For four seasons Mr. Reagan, the star, was the leading tenor of Primrose and West's Minstrels. During that time he popularized many a ballad, the music of which set nimble feet to dancing at receptions and balls. Among the songs he sings in The Bells of Shandon are: The Light of My Heart, The Story the Primroses Tell, Reagan's Famous Kiss Song, Shamrocks from Home, Acushla Machree, and The New Ireland Over the Ocean. A peculiar charm about Mr. Reagan's singing is that his voice is never throaty, as the singers call a muffled voice; nor is he given to using the tremolo. The Bells of Shandon will be presented at the Toronto Opera House throughout next week, with "bargain matinees" at fifteen cents for any seat in the balcony, or twenty-five cents for any seat on the ground floor, on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

W. H. Lytell, who is a great favorite in Toronto—although we have not seen much of him lately—comes to the Grand all next week in the farcical three-act comedy, My Friend from India. This piece has been one of the successes of the season, and with Mr. Lytell as Erastus Underholt, a retired pork packer, and George Mack as the man from India, the company should make the most of a good thing. This comedy proved quite an attraction in London and New York.

The public will be pleased to hear that Mr. E. H. Sothern will present An Enemy to the King at the Grand Opera House for three nights and a matinee, beginning Monday, February 8. We have heard a great deal about this play, which made such a success in New York and Chicago.

The Athenaeum Club will hold a night of minstrelsy and sports at the club on Saturday evening, February 6.

SPORTING COMMENT

BOSWORTH, the Toronto Athletic Club trainer, in his twenty-round adventure with Shadow Maber of Australia, gave an exhibition of skill and agility that was truly marvelous when we consider the disparity in their ages. The trainer was old enough to be the other's father, and Maber is old enough to travel alone. The science of the thing was shown in the skillful way in which Bosworth dodged, ducked and guarded, so that the other, try as he might, and he was willing enough, could not get in telling blows. The fifteen hundred spectators were, most of them, looking for scientific work, and Bosworth was by odds the more skillful. Maber is a typical prize-fighter—long, strong and a vicious boxer. It was an accident that ended the bout after fifteen rounds. Bosworth was easily holding his own until he went down against the ropes, and making due allowance for the excitement of the moment I think the referee might have ended the affair differently. The trainer scrambled to his feet within five seconds, and the gong sounded the close of the round inside ten seconds, but the referee closed the bout and awarded the decision to Maber. No one will dispute his decision, but he might have allowed the gong to call the next round and the men to advance before giving his decision. This would have shown that Bosworth was not actually knocked out or injured to any extent. When Bosworth was referee of the Gilmore-Hanley match he pursued the course I have suggested, and it was very satisfactory.

Of the other items on the boxing programme much might be said. Vannuch and Lane were deservedly called off, because while they were only expected to spar, they showed no skill. Perhaps no one in all the crowd ever saw such a meeting as that between Roach and Thompson. They simply fronted each other in threat-

ening attitude. In the second round only four blows were struck. Clearly each desired the other to lead, and each was desperately afraid that the other had something "up his sleeve." In some ways the best sport of the evening was the contest between Stemyer and McCann. Stemyer is an experienced man, while McCann only entered the ropes for the second time. He is only nineteen years of age, but he is so game that Stemyer, the tricky, couldn't drive him back an inch. The "old hand" had the best of it during the third, fourth and fifth rounds, and felt so secure that he began to play the comedian to amuse the gallery, but the sixth round was decidedly in McCann's favor. The referee rightly called this a draw. With the experience of two or three more contests McCann will be hard to match.

Bosworth has resigned his position at the T. A. C. and returned to New York. It was not necessary that he should scamper off thus, for his boxing against Maber increased rather than destroyed his local reputation as an expert.

However, after all is said the fact stands that the only boxing that one can speak well of without straining a point is the amateur kind in which speed and skill come into rivalry and where there is no money at stake.

Our Quebec hockey correspondent writes: The Quebecs were again defeated in the Senior Hockey Series on Saturday night, January 23, by the Montreal A. A. team, with a score of four goals to two. The score gives scarcely a fair idea of the game, however, as the puck was, through most of the game, in Montreal territory. That Quebec did not score more frequently was owing to two circumstances, one of which was that the shooting of their forwards was generally wild and sometimes weak; and the other that Collins seemed much like a wire net stretched between the Montreal poles. The shooting of the visitors, on the contrary, was of the well regulated, chain lightning variety, and their scoring was chiefly done with shots from the side which were heart-breaking to see. They owe their victory to their wonderful effectiveness about goal and to their ability to seize and convert into a game the most trifling opening left them. There were a few combined rushes on either side, but team play was not greatly in evidence, as when the Montrealers attempted such tactics they were almost instantly broken up; and as for the Quebecs, they scarcely attempted anything of the sort. The game throughout was characterized by end-to-end play, but apart from time so taken up was of a very exciting nature and fast enough to gratify the most blasé and jaded taste in such matters. Though the checking was hard, unnecessarily hard at times, there was not one delay owing to injury throughout the play, and only two men were ruled off for minor offences—one from each team. Mr. Young of Ottawa was all that could be desired as a referee, and indeed had little to do beyond stopping off-sides. The two thousand spectators enjoyed a laugh at Swift in the second half, he having caught the puck in the air and, forgetting to put it on the ice, started a rubbery fashion for the Montreal goal with the rubber in his grasp. He was of course called back and the puck faced. Quebec played two cover-points and three forwards, a change from the usual position, which seemed to work fairly well and doubtless prevented the score against them being greater. For the home team, Watson and Cahill played a grand game on the defence, and their lifting was of the very highest order, several of their shots requiring the attention of the Montreal goalkeeper himself. Swift and Doyle put up a good hard game forward, as did Smith, a new man on the team who promises, with a little more experience, to be an effective player. A. D. Scott, the captain of the team, was not playing, owing to injuries received in the match at Ottawa a week ago. Of the Montreal team, "Billy" Barlow was the bright particular star and was decidedly the best forward on the ice. Collins, as before mentioned, did wonderful work in goal, and Murphy at point was a host in himself. The teams were as follows:

Quebec.	Goal.	M. A. A. A.
Hocking.	Point.	Collins
Scott.	Point.	Murphy
Watson.	Cover Point.	James
Cahill.		
Swift.	Forwards.	Barlow
Doyle.		McKerrow
Smith.		Howard
Dunbar.	Umpires.	Horsfall
	Referee.	Weldy Young, Ottawa.

Commerce 11, Toronto 5. Toronto's weak defence and the want of combination of their forwards lost them the game. As an exhibition of hockey the game left much to be desired; there was considerable roughness displayed, and the following on was slow. Commerce was the superior both in the forward line and in defence, especially the latter. Toronto did not put up nearly so stiff a game as when they met the Dominions. Carlyle in goal played poorly, allowing some easy shots to pass him; on the other hand, McMaster gave an exposition of goal-keeping which I have seldom seen excelled. He stopped several shots of McKay's that looked sure scorers. Crawford is not a success at point, and was completely outshone by Hilborn, who was always in the right place and stopped rush after rush of the Toronto forwards. There was little to choose between the two cover-points: Ardagh played a brisk game and lifted well, while Nourse was always reliable and made the most brilliant play of the day, scoring a goal after taking the puck up the entire length of the rink alone. Labatt worked hard and was easily the best forward on the ice; McKay and Gilmour were somewhat off color, although the former made a few brilliant rushes. Holland did his best, but is not in the same class with the other three. Commerce made two changes in their forward line since their last game, bringing on Hilborn and Moss in place of Hedley and Ellwood. Hilborn is fast, and handles his stick well, his only weak point being in shooting. Moss plays hockey too much like Rugby; if he would block his man less and pay more attention to the puck he would be of more value to the team. Stevenson and MacDonnell worked a pretty combination, and their clever dodging and stick-handling were much appreciated by the spectators.

The Varsity Hockey Club, having beaten Stratford and overmatched the leaders in the Bank League in a practice match, seem to have a good chance of getting pretty well to the front this year. The Queen's team in its New York trip is showing some of the American college teams what speed is.

The sports committee of the Diamond Jubilee and Cabot celebrations, which will be held in June, met at the Queen's Hotel, Thursday evening. The scheme is beginning to take definite form. Mr. J. J. Ward is chairman, and Mr. T. L. Church secretary of the sports committee.

A Public School Teacher's Lament.

Adapted and Localized From a Scotch Paper.

For Saturday Night.

"It was the schooner Hesperus,"
So Longfellow doth say;
'Tis the same perfidious bark
I hear of day by day.

"Week in week out" is Bruce "flung down
In lonely mood to think,"
While ever sounds that plaintive wail,
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

"With gurgling sound," they murmur forth
How sank "the Incheape Bell;"
"Of parting day," I lately hear
"The curfew toll the knell."

"The boy stood on the burning deck,"
Is more than I can stand;
'Tis worse the way they desecrate
"The grave in Moab's land."

I've met "the little cottage girl,"
More times than I can say;
And far too often I am sure
I've "heard of Lucy Grey."

With weary pining gasps on high
They drag "that old arm-chair;"
They ask me, "Would you learn the spell?"
And spell it out with care.

"Sweet was the sound at evening's close,
In Auburn long ago;
'Tis not so sweet when boys repeat
"With careless voice and slow."

They draw "in beauty side by side,"
The hackneyed rhymes to me;
But "were this all and ought beyond
O earth!" 'twould glorious be.

For "it" to-morrow, "I should die
Before I wake," I'll hear,
Confound it! that petition, "Call
Me early, mother dear."

Retribution.

For Saturday Night.

When I consider what I might have been
And what I am—so poor, so frail, so low!
Picturing promised lands I may not reach,
Dreaming of powers I cannot hope to know;

Fain would I loose, with these poor, helpless hands,
The cords in ignorance and folly spun—
Fast-knotted skeins of mis-spent yesterdays
That 'round my feet in hopeless meshes run.

Ah, we indeed do mount on our dead selves!
The past's white hand still points our future way.
To weep before the fates availeth nought—
We can but tread the path as best we may.

Yesterday's follies limit our to-days.
The gods' keep tally. Beat against thy bars—
Strive to undo thy past—look up and see
The fixed, inexorable pathways of the stars!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

A Fair Lady.

For Saturday Night.

Yestreen, I loved her well;
To-night she is forgot,
She of the nut-brown eyes—
Ah! pitiful my lot.

She of the ruby cheek and lips,
Of form and soul divine,
Canst bear, my heart, to think on her
And she no longer thine?

Her home was in the books of rhyme,
Child of the poet's brain,
And there I journeyed many a year
To woo her in her native sphere.

And journeyed back again,
But I have ceased to pay her court,
Have closed to her my heart,
Not that my love does not abound,
But that to-night, by chance, I found
Her living counterpart.

F. C. B.

L'Envoi.

The Seven Seas.

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes
Are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
Critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
For an aeon or two.

Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to
Work anew.

And those who were good shall be happy; they shall
Sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes
Of comet's hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
Tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, only the Master
Shall blame;
And no one will work for money and no one will
Work for fame.

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
Separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are.

RUDYARD KIPPLING.

The Strong Man.

San Francisco Town Talk.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong!
For the test of the heart is trouble
And it always comes with the years [earth
And the smile that is worth the praise of
Is the smile that shines through tears.

Hairy Lips.

Lord Wolsey has issued an order that in the Army
there must be no more shaving of the upper lip, and
London Truth breaks into verse, of which we quote
two lumps:

"For scraping upper lips of late
Young officers have shown a passion—
The Horse Guards will no longer brook
Persistence in this bare-faced fashion.

'Twould be too much, perhaps, to say
That such a practice makes men craven;
At all events, though, from this date
No upper lip is to be shaven!"

So far so good! At times like these
The knowledge precious 'bove all price is
That our brave Army has a chief
So prompt to meet the coming crisis!

We hail the hairy upper lip
As a most reassuring omen;
Men with moustaches cannot fail
To boldly board their country's foemen!

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveler of a small Irish boy who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields. "About twelve o'clock, sir," replied the boy. "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," returned the lad in surprise. "It just begins at one again."



She—What is the best decoration for this rink?
He—Give it up.
She—A heavy "frieze."



MRS. BROWNJONES DINES.

SCENE I.
Mrs. Brownjones at telephone. Mr. Brownjones brushing his hat in the hall.
Mrs. B.—Hullo—Is that 0001? Oh! Is Mrs. Chumley in?—Yes. I'll wait.
Mr. B.—Who are you telephoning, Sophie?
Mrs. B.—Hush. (To telephone) Hullo—yes—Is that you, Edith?—Yes—Oh, no!—Oh, look here, Edith, can you and your husband dine quietly with us on the 28th? Very quietly—we are just asking a few old—just a few old friends to meet Herr Schlossbergheim and—
Mr. B.—Sophie, do you hear me, who are you—
Mrs. B.—Oh, do be quiet, Charley. (To telephone) Then you—
Mrs. B. (persistently)—But I want—
Mrs. B. (unconscious that she is distinctly audible to Mrs. Chumley)—For goodness' sake, Charley, be quiet! I've got to ask those Chumley chimpanzees to dine, and we might as well get it over at—Hullo—yes, dear—that will be lovely. Good-bye.

SCENE II.
Mrs. Brownjones' drawing-room five minutes before dinner time. Various old—er—friends sit about in advanced stages of exhaustion. Herr Schlossbergheim slumbers.
(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Chumley.)
Mrs. C. (advancing a l'Albani)—So afraid we were going to be late! So glad to see you! So sorry if we kept you waiting! So awfully—(gabble gabble gabble)—And here's your darling little Georgie! Come and kiss me, pet.
Georgie (distantly)—Scuse me, I'm busy.
Mrs. C.—Oh, do come, darling, I want a kiss so badly.
Georgie—Any sort of a kiss?
Mrs. C.—Yes, any sort.
Georgie—Well, here's James, he won't mind.
James, Mrs. Chumley wants a—
James—Ong est serve!
Herr Schlossbergheim starts from sleep and takes in Mrs. Brownjones. Old Mr.



Priggins, afflicted with kleptomania, appropriates Tall Spinster. All proceed to dining-room. Georgie plays *They March the Animals*, with one finger, on drawing-room piano. Dinner begins.

Enter Tommy Hay, breathless, tie under one ear.

Tommy—Gracious me, Mrs. Brownjones, I'm fearfully sorry I'm late. Accident on the cars. Two horses killed. Extraordinary sight. Policeman had to shoot horse twenty-seven times! (Sounds expressive of disgust). Seas of gore—(laughing gaily) all over the pavement.

Mrs. C.—Tommy, be quiet, I beg of you.
Tommy (amazed)—Don't you want to hear about it? I thought you'd be interested. Waiter!

Herr Schlossbergheim starts from his seat but recovers himself.

Tommy to Tall Spinster—What are you going to the carnival as, Miss Matchem?

T. S. (faintly)—Oh, as a Lighthouse.

Tommy—resolving to go as a Man-of-War and give her a wide berth—Ha—ha—very novel indeed! You remind me of my aunt when—

T. S. (distantly)—Indeed, how very interesting!

Mr. Priggins here abstracts fish-fork, which he conceals in his serviette. Mrs. Priggins fixes him with her eye.

Mrs. B. (lovely)—What in the world is Mr. Priggins doing?

Sharp Young Man—You needn't be alarmed. His wife will search him before he goes home. His intentions are far from criminal.

Mrs. B.—But—

S. Y. M.—He can't help himself, or I should say he does help himself. It's the effect of bil-

liards—he thinks he has to pocket everything. Mrs. Priggins (in loud whisper)—James—James—Put that back!

Mr. Priggins absently annexes slice of lemon and dessert-spoon, and converses amicably with Tall Spinster. Pause occurs in menu. Immaculate footmen stare at ceiling. General silence ensues. Pause prolonged.

Tommy (heroically endeavoring to save the meal)—Do you know I dined at Mrs. Ketcham's last night. Lovely place. Her dinners always go off without a hitch—er—that is—

Footman (sotto voce to Mrs. B.)—Cook says, ma'am, she won't send up not so much as an olive if she don't get her twenty-five a month. Which she's waltzing around in the kitchen most 'orrid at this minute, ma'am!

Mrs. B. (desperately)—Certainly, James. By all means. Anything at all!

Dinner proceeds to the bitter end.

SCENE III.

In the drawing-room. Herr Schlossbergheim sleeps. Mrs. Chumley in close converse with Mrs. Brownjones.

Mrs. C. (affectionately)—I hope you'll forgive us, dear, if we run away early. Our dear little Joseph is quite ill. The doctor is afraid he is going to have scarlet fever (instantaneous sensation), but I think it's more like diphtheria anyway. Why, dear, what's the matter?

(Mrs. B. springs to other side of the room. Guests throw themselves into various attitudes of defence.)

Mrs. C. (calmly)—Well, good-night, dear—why, you won't kiss me!—Well, perhaps it's better not.

Mr. C. (in carriage five minutes later)—Edith, what on earth do you do that for? You know Joseph has only got croup!

Mrs. C. (smiling to herself)—My dear, you haven't the intelligence of a chimpanzee!

GORY.

A Masquerade.

WISDOM and Folly met one day on the road and viewed each other with amused glances. Presently Folly burst into most ungovernable laughter.

"Fool, why dost thou cackle thus?" asked Wisdom in severe tones.

"In truth," responded Folly, "I have an idea that will make even thee laugh! I have just thought that it would be a mad and a right good prank were we to retire behind yonder thicket and exchange our garments—I strutting forth in thy sober garb, and thou going abroad in my finery. 'Twould be a merry jest! Come, what say you?"

Wisdom asked leave to ponder, and so Folly chased a butterfly until recalled by the other.

"Fool, thou hast in thy folly suggested a wise thing," said Wisdom, "and I will even exchange garments with thee on condition that thou playest my part and I thine as best we may while the prank lasts, since it would ruin me were this jest discovered. I am constrained to make this exchange because many are the fools who follow thy gaudy dress, whilst few are the wise who come after me. Perchance I may save the foolish from destruction, whilst I doubt if thou canst befool the wise."

"Aye," quoth Folly, "thou art a prime reasoner. But thy followers, though few, are so earnest and so self-proud that I shall have no end of mirth in leading and teaching them. I shall ape thy fine manner of speech, purse my lips, ponder deeply and answer in riddles. Faith, I shall lead them a fool's dance in learned fashion. Come—strip ye, strip ye, old gray-beard, for this is the merriest of all jests."

"That will I," cried Wisdom, "but 'tis no jest," and he led the way to the seclusion of the thicket.

And so there and then they exchanged garments, Folly with extravagant graces coming forth in the garb of Wisdom, and Wisdom going abroad in the guise of Folly. That was one thousand years ago, and whether they ever met again to take on their proper guise there is no record to show.

MACK.

A Century Ago.

TEN numbers of the *European Magazine and London Review* of the year 1784, complete for the year, with the exception of the issues of July and December, have been kindly sent to us for examination by Mrs. Baldwin of 123 Beverley street, Toronto, and have proved vastly interesting. During the year Pitt and Fox were at it in Parliament and reports of speeches made by them are published. The Warren Hastings affair is discussed at length by public men and reviewers (although the trial did not end for eleven years later), and many things of considerable interest, historically, are treated with unconcern. In the January number there is printed a despatch from Paris telling of the first balloon ascension. The article is punctuated with exclamatory remarks of the greatest astonishment. Later in the year a paper balloon was sent up in London and filled England with excitement.

King Louis of France was disposed to frown upon the new fad of ballooning, whereupon there appeared this epigram:

In the pride of his heart said Louis le Grand,

"So great is my sway I can nature command,

The air is my slave nor dare disobey.

Guards, stop the balloon." The balloon flew away.

But that which has most interested me in these old magazines is the style of humor in vogue at the time—chiefly a leisurely anecdotal vein. Here is a somewhat labored compliment:

"The extreme cold, a few days ago, was not a sufficient restraint on the Countess of Chatham. In defiance of a biting west wind she quitted her *vis-a-vis* and walked for some time, in St. James's street and its avenues. She had on, it is true, a hat of a sun-beam color, but it is supposed all its warmth was derived from her ladyship's superior charms." Perhaps this was not altogether a compliment, for there may have been a sting concealed in the item.

One thing very apparent in these last century magazines is that Protestantism was rampant one hundred years ago, and the literature of the time was crowded with anecdotes reflecting upon the Roman Church. Here is one of the least objectionable of the many: In the reign of James II. the Court was busy in making converts to the Roman Catholic faith, and some of the new Papists pretended on this occasion to have seen visions; and amongst the

Yvette Guilbert's Sensational Song.

Is it Beautiful or is it Brutal?

WHEN YVETTE GUILBERT was at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, on Tuesday evening of last week she sang in French her sensational song *La Glu*, which is being discussed on two continents, some calling it a tender and beautiful exposition of mother-love and others a coarse and brutal thing. We said of it last week: "Surely in all the essence of mother-love, nothing so vivid, so dreadful, and so true was ever said or sung!" This is the view of it that a great many take, but there are others who find in it something worse than this.

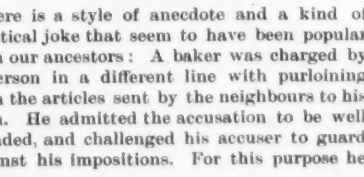
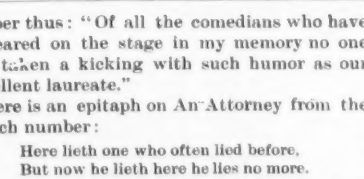
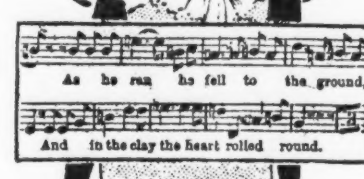
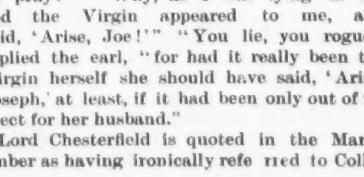
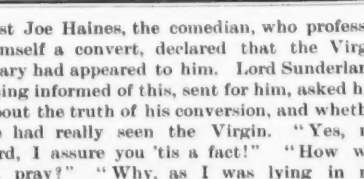
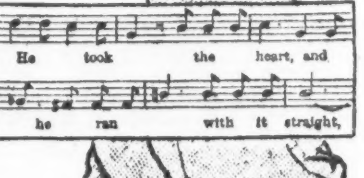
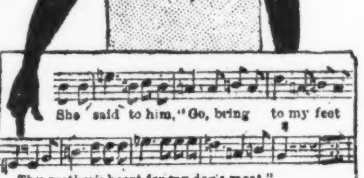
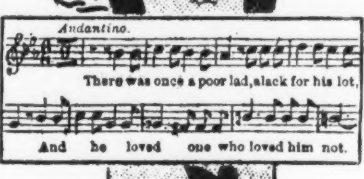
We give the song translated into English and with Guilbert's gestures as she sings it. Rev. Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, seconded by Dr. Parkhurst, has raised a great row in New York over the song. Mr. Moody read the first verse at a public meeting and condemned it in scathing terms. Guilbert retorted that the last verse redeemed the piece. In all the world it would be hard to find two persons who would experience greater difficulty in understanding each other than Dwight L. Moody and Yvette Guilbert. They are remote as the poles. "It seems to me," wrote Mr. Moody, "that the devil himself could not have devised a more corrupting message to send to this city." "One never knows," wrote Mlle. Guilbert, "really how to swim before one has been drowned a little." Here is the song, though it must be said that it loses something in translation:

There was once a poor lad—alack for his lot!
And he loved one who loved him not.
She said to him: "Go bring to my feet,
Thy mother's heart for my dog's meat."

"Get thee home! Slay her, nor wait."
He took the heart and he ran with it straight.
As he ran he fell to the ground,
And in the clay the heart rolled round.

As the heart rolled round in the clay,
The heart spoke, and he heard it say:
He heard the heart say in his ear:
"Hast hurt thyself, my dear, O my dear!"

Those who defend Guilbert and her song take the ground that the lesson of it is that unholiness is cruel, crime-inspiring, and altogether debasing, while the mother-love is true, undying and all-forgiving. To sum it up, we agree with Ballington Booth that the song is "awful" and that mother-love did not need any such vindication. But there may be people in Paris and New York who need such a terrible message.



proposed a bet of one shilling's worth of punch, that out of three he would take one rib of beef without discovery. The proposal was readily accepted, and the meat brought to the baker's shop. He took off a rib, and with it the principal part of the flesh belonging to the adjoining one. In this state it was returned to the owner. A meeting was held to decide the wager. The baker asked if he had not performed his engagement. His opponent answered in the negative, for the theft was evident. Why, then, replied Burnt-crust, I must pay my shilling. Thus did he artfully turn the tables on his antagonist, and for twelve-pennyworth of punch entitled himself to seven pounds of prime English roasting beef.

These old magazines are perfect mines of anecdote and literary curiosities. It is interesting to compare them with current magazines in which so much space is given to illustration and fiction. The daily and weekly press have appropriated the fields of news and humor, so that the monthlies of our own time bear scarcely any resemblance to those of a hundred years ago. In another century our magazines will not likely possess the same interest as those that lie before me, because they do not so fully represent the life and history of the period to which they belong. Our magazines are not fully intelligible without the daily and weekly press to fortify them by filling in the gaps and showing the conditions that prevail in society, politics and trade. The magazine of 1784 mirrored the whole life of the period.

The Cosmetic of the Angels.

ONE day as a good fairy floated leisurely through a shady forest she saw a young and extremely plain-looking maiden weeping by the side of a cool and limpid stream. The compassionate heart of the beautiful sprite was moved towards the forlorn girl and she very kindly questioned her as to the cause of her grief.

"They call me, 'Ella the Ugly,' and I am in love with a young gentleman who has never seen my face," sorrowfully replied the damsel. "Never fear!" said the comforting fairy. "I will tell you of a divine magical cosmetic, the very one that the angels use."

"Oh, how kind of you, you dear fairy!" exclaimed Ella the Ugly; "but please tell me quickly what to do, for I will do anything to obtain such a cosmetic," she added eagerly.

"You will, will you?" said the fairy, with a sly twinkle in both her little starry eyes.

"Yes, sweet fairy," emphatically asserted the maiden, "I will do anything that is not dishonorable to merit the reward you speak of, if you will only just try me."

"Well," continued the fairy, "as I have often thrown away good services on ungrateful mortals, I am determined to prove you before I reward you. Go and comfort the sick, cheer the sad, lift up the fallen, and relieve the poor. Then when a year has passed by meet me in this forest by this stream, and I will show you that which has the power to illumine the plainest countenance with celestial beauty."

Very much disappointed but resolved to prove her worthiness, poor Ella went sadly away to her unpleasant probationary tasks. But, strange to say, she became so interested in her good offices, waiting upon the suffering, cheering the sad, elevating the depraved and making generous donations to the poor, that she quite forgot her appointment with the fairy until several days after the year had expired. During all of which time she had never once suffered herself to gaze into a mirror or look upon a placid, glassy stream.

Nevertheless, when she did return to the forest the good fairy was pleased to see her, and, producing a pocket mirror, thrust it before the face of the once ugly Ella, saying:

"O, fairest of mortals, behold the magic of that divine cosmetic distilled from the blessings of the sick, the tears of the repentant, the smiles of the sad and the prayers of the poor!"

Toronto, Jan., '97. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Latin Fragments.

FIRST person singular, present indicative active—*Amo*. Go ahead," said the damsel next to the stove in a Queen street car to her friend with the velvet tam-o'-shanter. She was holding the book while her friend rehearsed that popular recitation entitled "Conjugation of the Regular Verb *Amo*—I love." They each had a small library of books in their laps, though their feet hung two inches from the floor.

"*Amo, amas, amat*," began the tam-o'-shanter. "O-h, sa-y," breaking off suddenly with terrible earnestness.

"Say what?" said her friend over the book.

"*Amamus, amatis, amant*—I left them hanging on the chair all night."

"Left what?" exclaimed her friend.

"*Amabam, amabas, amabat*—they'll be all rusty."

"What will? What are you talking about?"

"*Amabamus, amabatis, amabant*—myskates," explained the tam-o'-shanter, biting her lower lip in consternation and looking at her friend with horrified, upturned eyes.

"Oh, sa-y," exclaimed her friend sympathizingly, biting her lip and elevating her eyebrows. They sat looking at each other in consternation too deep for words for half a minute, until the velvet tam-o'-shanter at last broke the silence.

"Future: *Amabo, amabis, amabit*; *amabimus, amabitis*, I—may—bunt—say, Jennie, isn't it silly?"

S. H.

How he Could Escape.

It was one of those stirring melodramas which abound in realism and exciting situations. The villain had the hero locked in a room, which, of course, was open at the side facing the audience. The heroine needed his assistance at that instant and he was vainly looking for some means of exit. "Oh, God, how shall I escape?" he cried, pounding on the *papier-mache* door. There was a moment's silence, and then a voice from the gallery drawled: "Come out through the front, you d— fool!"

ST. YVRAIN.

Maud—What makes you think Major Dulwit is in the signal service? May—Because whenever he appears the conversation flags.

rest Joe Haines, the comedian, who professed himself a convert, declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him. Lord Sunderland, being informed of this, sent for him, asked him about the truth of his conversion, and whether he had really seen the Virgin. "Yes, my lord, I assure you 'tis a fact!" "How was it, pray?" "Why, as I was lying in my bed the Virgin appeared to me, and said, 'Arise, Joe!'" "You lie, you rogue," replied the earl, "for had it really been the Virgin herself she should have said, 'Arise, Joseph,' at least, if it had been only out of respect for her husband."

Lord Chesterfield is quoted in the Colley mber as having ironically ried to Colley

Cibber thus: "Of all the comedians who have appeared on the stage in my memory no one has taken a kicking with such humor as our excellent laureate."

Here is an epitaph on An Attorney from the March number:

Here lieth one who often lied before,
But now he lieth here he lies no more.

Here is a style of anecdote and a kind of practical joke that seem to have been popular with our ancestors: A baker was charged by a person in a different line with purloining from the articles sent by the neighbours to his oven. He admitted the accusation to be well founded, and challenged his accuser to guard against his impositions. For this purpose he

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Columbia	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 26	Feb. 31	
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Feb. 28	Mar. 4	Mar. 10	
Werra	Mar. 6	Mar. 13	Mar. 18	Mar. 24	
Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 21	Mar. 26	Mar. 31	
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Mar. 20	Mar. 28	Apr. 3	Apr. 9	
Werra	Mar. 27	Apr. 4	Apr. 9	Apr. 15	

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Anecdotal.

On the first night of George Alexander's production of *As You Like It* at St. James' Theatre there was immense enthusiasm. Above the din rose the cry of "Author! Author!" Mr. Alexander was equal to the occasion; he appeared before the curtain and lamented that the author was not in the house. "But," he continued, "should it be my good luck in another world to meet the distinguished Mr. Shakespeare I will convey to him the message of approbation and good-will you have given me to-night."

The Czar seems to have a pretty wit of his own. There came to him recently a deputation from the busy manufacturing town of Lodz, in Russian Poland, to ask for additional educational facilities, which the Warsaw officials were unwilling to grant. One member showed such crass ignorance of things in general, and his grammar was so frightful, that the Czar dismissed the deputation with the smiling words, "You may depart in peace; those extra schools shall be built at once. I quite see the need of better education in Lodz."

When not recognized the Prince of Wales is always vastly amused by frank, natural remarks. Being taken around a factory on one



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occasion he paused to watch some men employed on a special part of the work, and interrogated one of them: "What wages do you receive here?" "Well," replied the true type of British workman, as he partially lifted his cap for the purpose of scratching his head, "that depends on what they be. A chap like thee"—eyeing his interrogator critically from head to foot—"ud get twenty-fower bob a week."

Sir Astley Cooper once attended, in his capacity of surgeon, a West Indian millionaire, named Hyatt, with Doctors Lettson and Nelson as physicians. The treatment was most successful, and in his joy Hyatt bestowed three hundred guineas on each of the doctors. "But you," exclaimed the grateful patient, addressing Sir Astley, "you shall have something better." With this he flung his night-cap at the eminent operator. "Sir," replied the latter, "I'll pocket the affront." And he slipped the "affront" into his pocket. It contained a draft for one thousand guineas.

Every member of the British royal family has kindly thought and care for faithful servants. On one occasion the Prince of Wales called on an old pensioned servant at Sandringham, who lived near the village church. The good woman had been ill. He found the aged sufferer listening to something, either the loud chirping of the crickets or the louder noise of a practicing choir. Full of anxiety for his old pensioner, and inwardly blaming the choir for its excess of zeal, H. R. H. remarked: "I hope they don't disturb you with the noise they're making this evening?" "Oh, dear no," returned the good woman; "after all, they're company, if they're noisy, and I've got used to them. They're God's creatures, so I mustn't complain, and I'm told they do it all with their hind legs."

At one time the United States District Attorney of Chicago was a lawyer of some ability but was chiefly distinguished for his fearful pomposity. He would permit no familiarity, and would brook no contradiction. At one time he was trying a case before a court and jury and was anxious to have the court rule with him on a certain point. The court was equally determined not to. "It is a question of fact," said the judge. "It is properly a matter for the jury to decide." The lawyer tried to get the ruling in another form. He failed. Again he tried with the same result. "It is a matter for the jury," repeated the court. The lawyer leaped to his feet and thundered, "Does this court mean to imply that I am a fool?" "That also is a question of fact for the jury," said the wise man on the bench, and the lawyer subsided.

Lord Palmerston had great talent for disconcerting his critics when they sought to entrap him. When he was once addressing an audience at Tiverton he was interrupted by a loud-voiced opponent, who demanded, with intense earnestness: "Will my lord give a plain answer to a plain question?" "Certainly, with great pleasure," was the courteous reply. "Will my lord tell us whether he will or will not vote for a radical reform measure?" The audience smiled. There was a popular agitation in favor of a new reform bill, and Lord Palmerston had shown a disposition to evade the issue, and not to commit himself on one side or the other. His reply came without a trace of embarrassment, but slowly, one word at a time: "I will—" The Liberals began to cheer wildly. "Not—" was the next word, and the Conservatives took up the applause with a counter-echo. "Tell you," concluded the orator, with an innocent smile on his face. Then everyone laughed, and there was hearty cheering over the witty old statesman's ingenuity in securing recognition and applause from each party, and in the end saying nothing.

Between You and Me.

THE other evening I happened to find myself belated down town, after red-ticket hour, and waiting for a tardy car. As I waited, a man came up the street with a wavy gait and his hat askew, a tipsy man as ever I saw; a great, jolly-faced, silly-looking man, with the kind of appearance exactly expressing "jolly good-fellowism." Something dangled from his finger, a little something, which he occasionally looked at with a fatuous smile as he waited also, I was sorry to perceive, for the car. I wondered at the Providence which had watched over him, and tried to peep at the cause of his smiles, but until he lurched into the brilliant car I did not see. It was the tiniest little pair of baby's boots, those queer little, wide-ankled, round-toed, fairy things which we buy the very first day baby is short-coated. The man was proud of his boots. He had lost the paper, though a length of string still waved loosely about the tiny, shiny, leather affairs, and as he sat opposite and grinned at me he dangled those boots in a way which said, "My first baby, madam, will wear them," and which almost assured me that said baby was a boy. When he picked one up on his thumb and turned it about, and giggled at it, and then seemed quite surprised to see there was just such another still dangling; when he disentangled the string and tossed it away in scorn; when he took a careful twist of the cord connecting the wee boots around his big finger, and when he finally set the pair out on his knee and studied them with drunken gravity, I felt that he wasn't such a pig as he looked, and hoped that when he came stumbling home with his mighty purchase the baby's mother would make allowances and let him try them on the little pink toes, and just keep her mouth shut on the rating he so richly deserved.

A person, signing herself "A Mother," gives me a hauling over the coals for saying that people didn't get work because they didn't want it. And she invites me, in what perhaps isn't quite so sarcastic a strain as it looks, to inform her where work is to be found. She says some one has tramped out shoes trying to peddle what people wouldn't buy;—well, that is not work, it's foolishness; that some one has put in and answered countless advertisements and nothing has come of it, that situations and salaries are hard to hear of and harder to get. I daresay she is right. So many people want "situations" and "salaries;" work is quite

another thing. This correspondent also says that if I had read the first page of our paper last week, she supposed I would not have written what I did. My good woman, I don't form my beliefs on the first page of this or any other paper, but from my limited observations and from my own point of view. Those who write the first page of this paper would be the last people on earth to desire that the other people on the paper should dance as they piped. My limited observation has never yet lit upon a person who really desired work in the way I meant, and who failed to find it. There is more work to do than people to do it. But you just consider a little. Here's a man who has formed bad habits. I am not preaching grundy, but I know that the whiskey habit and the tobacco habit have become of late years recognized barriers to securing work. Does one man in a million say, "I want work—these bad habits may prevent my getting it—of course I will give them up, because I really want work." Does he now? The other day a young fellow was whining to me of his sad ill-luck. "That's always the way; loads of people ready to snap up every situation," he said drearily. "Oh, it's a situation you want, is it?" "Why, of course," said he. "Well, that's different; I thought you wanted work," I remarked, "and I was going to tell you where you could get some," and I did, and he was so offended that I don't suppose he'll ever love me again.

The way in which people go to look for work makes me tired. I have been stranded myself and know what it is to be without capital, without advice, without a meal unless I earned it. I did not start peddling things that no one wanted, nor did I put ads. in the paper. I just went to work and thought out a plan, and worked—ye gods, how I did work! I had all I wanted, and more too, and somehow things shaped themselves as they always do under the determined hand and the stiff backbone. People saw me working, and partly for fun, partly for compassion, I've no doubt, partly because the others will always help a worker, they gave me a friendly word, a kind hand, and such assistance as I asked them for in the course of my work. You can wager your last coin of the realm that if I had wasted my good Irish energies in growling and complaining I'd never have had salt to my porridge, let alone the pleasantest work, the easiest quarters, and the blessedest friends ever a woman had. Once again, there's lots of work to be done; if it isn't what you like, do it. And above all, do some deep and sensible thinking before you start. If I were some of the men I know, I should be working hard, ringing bells, lording it over scary old ladies, punching transfer tickets and collecting fares before I'd pose as a victim of comic opera, "wanting a situation!"

The other day I said to the other woman that it was a blessed thing not to understand sometimes. We were talking before one who had wrung my heart with a story she had told, of which I understood the true inwardness, and in my pain of comprehension I turned upon her and envied those who did not suffer through understanding what was sometimes not just on the surface. "It is better to be blind to some things," said I in my haste, and the other woman, also with her heart wrung, nodded a sombre agreement. But she who had hurt us flew at us volubly. "Never say it is better not to know, not to feel," she said hotly. "It is so much better. It is a sign! You live more, higher, truer than those others, or else you could not suffer. The keen wind blows on the high lands, the sun shines hottest on the hill-top; if one would rise, one must suffer. Ah, never be false enough to say it were better not to understand. That is life, the comprehension, the pain. And there is, as keen as the pain, its sister, the joy." This is the little lesson we learned, the other woman and I, from the singing and the reproving of the French girl, Yvette Guilbert. It reminds me of that story of the final adjustment of all things, (which we are taught about under the mask of a Judgment Day), which tells of the soul, stripped of every delusion, every fallacy, naked and truthful, and its surprise when it was bidden to bring its best friends to uphold it before the judgment seat. Surprise because all the pleasures, the friends, the triumphs of its earthly experience gradually deserted it, and a weird company of griefs, mistakes, sins and follies came huddling up, saying, "We are your best friends; you learned through us!"

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CURIOSITY.—If you and Edythe are not sisters, you might as well be. You can just read her answer and congratulate yourself that you have more self-control and a straighter aim than she.

A. B. C.—I. Three months is the least permissible period of seclusion in mourning the death of a sister. Six months is more generally the period of mourning. A surprising change has lately come over the etiquette of mourning. 2. Certainly, the gentleman alights first.

CORAL VANE.—This is a refined, rather keen-sighted woman, methodical, neat, and very feminine in all her impulses. Writing shows love of social intercourse, but not of display; care for details, a cheerful disposition, some ambition and an independent and sensible nature. Writer is rather just than generous, has very nice tastes, and is not behind the door when talking is the fashion.

EDYTHE.—I. I am not a man, consequently your undying affection can be safely bestowed upon me, if you wish. 2. Your writing shows a generous, off-hand and frank nature, subject to erratic impulses; generally noble ones; your energy is good, but you lack decide aim, and as for consecutive thought, you haven't yet attained to it. It is a fine, noble, generous nature, however, and its faults may be modified by time.

PARHASSICK.—This is not a very buoyant nature, rather open to influence, self-assertive, and prone to take a pessimistic view of life. The purpose is firm and constant, the method quiet, and the tendency not towards expansiveness or demonstration. Few

friends enjoy your confidence; you are a careful but not a close reasoner, and a trusty and conscientious person, absolutely incapable of *finesse* and lacking tact and warmth.

CAROL CAREY.—Yes, I have been in Ireland, part of which blessed country I know every mile of. Have I seen Charles? Rather! and Holy Cross and Cashel, and all the dear old beauty spots in wild and lovely Tipperary. Go along with you. I can hear the clippity-clop of pious shoes going down the street to early mass, while I snooze gently in the cosy chintz-curtained bed, in one of Cashel's inns. Do I know Tipperary? Bedad! I was mobbed there one fine day. Wait till I tell you about it. Yes—wait a long while, anephia!

BETH.—This is a nature that only needs a chance to develop into something far beyond its present strength. Bright perception, much sweetness of disposition, and a generally hopeful nature are shown. Writer is the regular girl of small opportunities, conservative from teaching, truthful and frank from inexperience, and not yet aware that finish and care of small things are the sign of the thoroughly conscientious worker. She has some opinions she clings to tenaciously. Is this "very bad," Beth? I do not think so myself.

LASSIE.—It is not conventional to introduce people in street cars. There are occasions when it may be allowable, but ordinarily it is not done. You need not be introduced while calling to anyone who happens to sit near you, nor at a reception if you see a chance to show them some attention. One of the things which surprises a well-bred and brought-up person is being introduced when she doesn't expect to be, and quite often doesn't wish to be. 2. Your writing shows firmness and snap, ambition, cheerfulness and energy. You are affectionate, sensible and fond of soft corners. Not a well developed hand yet, I am thinking.

THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.—Well, I don't think a great deal of you. The study lacks finish, culture, and is full of unwise and misdirected force. However, force of any direction is respectable and there are some fine lines, just a few letters here and there, which hint what can be made of you. You are original, too, and somewhat speculative, with considerable energy and a pleasant buoyancy. You are almost secretive; reserve and caution are marked. Somehow I should not judge you so smartly, only I believe you aren't afraid of the truth. With your force properly directed you might do something very notable. You are well worth getting into line.

GIUSEPPE.—"The life of a lonely man," you call it, and ask me to say something to cheer you. What would you have, my foreigner! The pattern life was lived alone. But of course we are not yet ready to emulate it, and so we hang on to each other, a lot of weaklings. But shall I tell you that I quite sympathize with you and shall be glad to have you for a paper friend? Just fancy we have shaken hands over it. I am sure Lady Gay, whom you so charmingly refer to, had no idea she would touch up such a lot of you when she wrote of heart-emptiness. You are the sixth or seventh who has answered that paragraph. Only one thing will fill you: all the rest is makeshift; better go empty a wee while longer in patience.

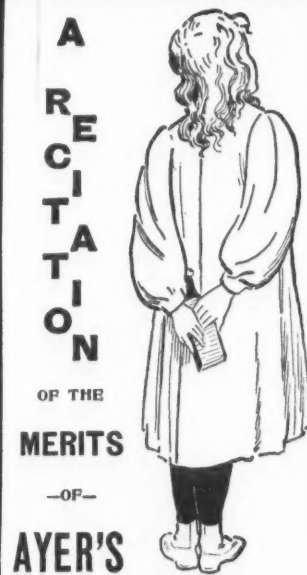
YVETTE GUILBERT.—It is quite possible; I have even heard people call it vulgar. *N'importe*, my pretty girl friend. Go on in your chosen work, devote yourself thoroughly to it, and snap your fingers at the silly folk who criticize in their dense thickheadedness. They are to be condescended with, not listened to. 2. I did hear the woman whose name you write over, and would much enjoy hearing her again. She is one of the cleverest and most psychic women who ever trod our Toronto stage. Indeed, I think she is better than she has any idea of. 3. To read French novels isn't always "immoral," (what a rum expression!) but if you want a few which could do no one any harm, read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Dumas' *Three Musketeers*, and Emil Zola's *Le Ventre de Paris*. The last I recommend because you seem in love with realism, and it is the most tremendous realistic description of the great markets, fish, meat and vegetables, of the capital of France. *Le Ventre de Paris* the stomach of Paris is what he calls them. The story is full of pathos and close to nature's heart, as all his writings seem to me.

Ananias the Third has heard of a solicitor who accidentally swallowed a sovereign, and, on the stomach-pump being applied, thirteen and fourpence was returned, the remaining six and eightpence having assimilated itself with his nature.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad.—*Chicago Record*.

"Doesn't your daughter dance?" enquired the hostess. The lady addressed looked around at the tall, anemic girl leaning against the wall. "Not unless she is asked," she somewhat frigidly replied.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"My child," said the old herring to the young herring, by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you, but don't go too near those canneries along the coast of Maine unless you want to be taken for a sardine."—*Chicago Tribune*.



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A Greek-English Pun.

The *Watchman* records a witicism of the late Professor Kendrick of Rochester University: Having one day in the class-room remarked that the Greek preposition *eis* invariably means "into," he was reminded by one of his pupils that a professor in another college had asserted the contrary.

"Well," was the reply, "if that be true, I can only say that he has slipped up on the *eis*, that is all."

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We are again reminded that the work of decorating public buildings is proceeding rapidly, and also surely, to judge from the illustrations shown us. The current number of *Harper's Weekly* contains reproductions of six lunettes by Mr. J. W. Alexander, recently completed for the Congressional Library at Washington. His subject is The Evolution of a Book, the first lunette showing us primitive men who left a record of their migrations in mere heaps of stones, the last lunette of the series depicting Gutenberg reading his first proof. Those who are familiar with Mr. Alexander's charming portraits will find in these decorations some of the same qualities which delighted them in his canvases exhibited at the Champ-de-Mars two years ago. A great simplicity in both composition and treatment, and an absence of accessories, are the features which impress us first. We are next struck by the great space of time which he covers in his series, and by his wise choice of periods; he passes over intermediate steps which do not bear forcibly on his subject, and presents us with only those which tell his story most directly. Royal Cortissoz concludes an appreciative review of the work by saying: "These Washington decorations are virile, authoritative paintings and their charm is likely to increase with time. They leave their author established once for all as one of the best of American mural painters."

Among the new publications I notice a *Life and Letters of Millet* by Julia Cartwright. It is said to give a more complete account of the peasant painter than any *Life* which has yet appeared. We have perhaps never associated literary ability with the name of Millet, but I believe he was an uncommonly good correspondent, and very fond of both reading and writing. All his letters are said to be interesting, even those on business, but especially those in which he defines his relations to his contemporaries and discusses the great painters of the past. A passage in one of them gives the idea that underlies all his subsequent painting. "You are sitting under a tree," he says, "enjoying all the comfort and quiet which it is possible to find in this life, when suddenly you see a poor creature loaded with a heavy fagot coming up the narrow path opposite. The unexpected and striking way in which this figure appears before your eyes reminds you instantly of the sad fate of humanity."

Lord Leighton's work is on exhibition at Burlington House, and Mr. G. F. Watts' occupies the New Gallery with one hundred and fifty-five pictures. An English notice of the latter exhibition says that visitors are passing the allegorical pictures by with utter indifference, the portraits being almost the only canvases which seem to possess interest for the general public. The abstract is rarely appreciated by people; the majority understand only the concrete. The portrait of Lord Tennyson, painted in 1859, and owned by Lady Henry Somerset, is one of the gems of the collection. Mr. Watts first exhibited at the Academy in 1837. He recently retired from the active ranks of the Academicians to make place for some younger man, and not, as a Philadelphia paper stated, because he was piqued at not having been made president of the Royal Academy. The truth of the matter is, he was approached on the subject of the presidency, but said that it would not be possible for him to accept the honor.

Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens is putting the finishing touches to the clay model for the equestrian statue of Gen. Logan, on which he has been at work for six years. It is intended for the park on the lake-front of Chicago, and will be unveiled next summer. Among other interesting pieces of work in his studio is the

bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, modeled when the latter was in New York. It represents him propped up on pillows, holding on his knee sheets of manuscript, and in his right hand the beloved cigarette.

The town of Bury, near Manchester, has recently been the recipient of a gift of paintings and statuary from a Miss Wrigley, who is a resident of the place. The pictures are chiefly examples of the early English school. The entire collection is valued at £100,000. The donor of such a gift must have felt that there is something in the idea that works of art are refining and educating, and that to place such works within reach of the many is one of the ways of helping on the great work of elevating humanity.

Mr. Homer Watson is leaving for England this month, and Miss Gertrude Spurr intends revisiting the Old Country in the spring. Miss Tully and Miss Ford are already there, the former settled in a London studio for the winter, the latter having made St. Ives, Cornwall, her headquarters. This looks a little as if Canada had not been altogether favorable to the pursuit of art; but let us hope that these absences are only temporary ones.

Speaking of the decoration of the new Congressional Library at Washington, the *Art Interchange* gives us the list of decorators. It numbers no less than forty-seven artists, of which twenty-two are painters and twenty-five sculptors. Thus far the work of seventeen sculptors and fourteen painters has been put in place, and the building when completed will be one of which the whole continent may well be proud.

Detaile's large water-color, commemorating the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, has just been despatched to St. Petersburg. It represents the Czar on horseback, reviewing a body of *chasseurs*, while at his right is the landau in which are seated the Empress and M. Felix Faure.

Unfortunately I write my comments too early for any notice of the lecture on Fra Angelico, by Rev. Father Ryan, but hope next week to give a brief *resumé* of it.

Mr. Rex Stovel is busy in his studio in the Arcade with a redos for one of our Toronto churches.

Mr. Walter S. Allward is modeling a bust of Lord Tennyson for the Education Department.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

A Deserved Rebuke.

A New York politician of considerable reputation but of low instincts was seated between two clergymen at a public dinner. During the meal he tried to make them uncomfortable and when he got up to speak he ridiculed them. One of the clergymen had spoken humorously and eloquently. The politician followed, beginning with an appeal for sympathy at being "sandwiched" between two sanctimonious sinners and ending with several obscene stories of ministers. Then the second clergyman stood up.

"The speech to which we have just listened," he remarked, "I would describe as a bit of foul tongue sandwiched between two clean pieces of bread."

That was his entire speech. He sat down for a moment, then abruptly saying "Good night," arose and left the room. The pleasures of the evening were ended but the rebuke was not lost.

It Was a Scotch Dog.

In a certain town in Canada, says the *Scottish American*, an old Scot is the principal magistrate. A dog case came before him. Plaintiff's dog had run out and bitten defendant, who had thereupon procured a gun and shot the dog. Plaintiff sought damages for the loss of his dog; but it was clear that the dog had invited the punishment. The magistrate said he must dismiss the case.

"But, your honor," said plaintiff's attorney, "my client has sustained an unusual loss. This dog was a fine Scotch terrier."

"A what?" exclaimed the old man, his face growing sterner. "A Scotch terrier! a Scotch terrier! There are no more money guids dogs in the world; twenty-five dollars is cheap enough for a Scotch terrier." And therewith he proceeded to fine the defendant that amount.

A Child's Thought.

The *Washington Post* records a pathetic saying of a child: A Washington lady was passing one of the orphan asylums of the city, and, as is her praise-worthy custom, nodded across the fence to a couple of forlorn little waifs playing in the yard. Before she was out of hearing one of the little girls said to the other: "Isn't she just lovely?"

"And the other, with a wistful sigh, answered: 'Yes, and p'raps my mother is just like her; just think!'"

Visitor—What makes you so ugly, Tommy? Don't you love your new baby brother? Tommy (viciously)—Well, I did till somebody came in and said he looked like me.

"Mrs. Osmond played our literary club a mean trick." "What did she do?" "She bought a new book-case without a mirror on top of it."—*Chicago Record*.

Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Dr. Montague have gone up to Rossland where they will probably invest in the Two Friends mine. If they make as miserable a strike as they made one year ago, their profits will be very small.—*Kincaid Review*.

A Fortunate Meeting.

At the close of the Civil War Gen. Robert Toombs, believing himself "wanted" by the Federal government, made his way to Cuba, and thence took passage for England. He arrived at Liverpool short of funds, a stranger in a strange land. However, he bought a first-class ticket to London, and had five dollars left in his pocket. How quickly he was delivered from his financial straits is thus described by a writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald*:

General Toombs was studying the situation, when a fellow-traveler came into his compartment at a way station. The new arrival was a London lawyer of distinction, and a glance satisfied him that the man sitting opposite was Robert Toombs, an ex-member of the Confederate Cabinet, an ex-Confederate general, and a famous American lawyer. The Londoner had seen the other's picture in the illustrated papers, and had heard something of him on one of his visits to the United States.

"Excuse me," he said, "but isn't this General Toombs of Georgia?"

The American responded with some surprise, but in a few moments the two were conversing with the freedom of old friends. In the course of the conversation the Englishman brought up a subject in which he was greatly interested—a case for some British claimants involving the title to large landed interests in the southwestern part of the United States.

The penniless ex-Confederate little knew the good fortune awaiting him. He simply knew that he had met a brother lawyer, and out of the abundance of his intellectual and professional resources he entertained him as he would have done a guest at his own fireside. Perhaps an hour had been spent in talking over the case, when the Londoner came down to business.

"General Toombs," he said, "how long shall you stop in London, and where can I see you?" "I expect to stay several weeks," was the answer, "and my address will be the Langham."

"Would you mind coming into this case as consulting counsel?" "Not at all. I am familiar with the facts and the law."

"I am sure of that," answered the Britisher. "Just wait a moment."

He drew writing materials from his hand-satchel, filled out a check, and handed it to the general.

"This is a retainer," he said. "It is the way we do things in England. Day after to-morrow I will call on you."

The Georgian glanced at the check. It was for five thousand dollars! If he felt any surprise he did not show it. He carelessly pocketed the slip of paper, and remarked that he would be ready when needed.

The big London lawyer got out at the next station, after promising to see the American two days later.

Toombs stopped at the Langham, and during the week gave his attention to the case which had come to him in the very nick of time. Then he received another check for five thousand dollars.

Oddities of Musical Composers.

Genius is nearly always eccentric, and of music composers this is specially true. In an item in a recent issue the indolence of Rossini was mentioned. Haydn always dressed in his best clothes when he wished to compose, had his hair freely powdered, and put on his finger a ring given him by Frederick II., without which he used to declare he had not an idea in his head.

Gluck so loved beautiful surroundings that he used to have his piano removed into a lovely field when he felt the fire of his genius burn, and there, amid scenery on which he feasted his delighted eyes, and with a bottle of champagne at his right and at his left, poured out his soul in harmony.

Gounod declared that his finest inspirations came while he was having a quiet game of cards.

Beethoven would not stay any length of time in one lodging. He was always on the move; perhaps because of the fact that he loved to bathe and splash water so violently that the room became flooded and saturated the plaster of the ceiling below.

Mendelssohn was like a child in the matter of pastry. He could never resist it, especially cherry pie, and always ate of it, and it always disagreed with him.

Health and Hard Muscles.

If John Simpson were not a blacksmith we might not have occasion to allude to him at the very outset of this writing. But he is a blacksmith and will thus serve an important purpose; that, too, without having to put on his leather apron to do it.

And he will do it by standing in front of his forge for five minutes while we all take a look at him. He is a strong and robust man, as Mr. Dickens's Joe Gargery was—as all blacksmiths ought to be. Ought to be, I say. But are they?—as a matter of fact? No, they are not—not by many a length of nail rod.

Now is a somewhat a common notion that all men who work hard, especially amid rough surroundings and in the fresh air, are apt to be vigorous, healthy fellows; they are supposed to joke at doctors, to have no use for apothecaries, and even to regard undertakers as the necessity of a distant future. Is this view a true view? Are health and hard muscles always found together? Take your time to think. Meanwhile we will hear what Mr. Simpson himself says:—

"Up to the spring of 1883," he writes in a



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letter dated May 5th, 1893. "I was strong as most men—perhaps stronger than most. My vitality and I had a falling out. After every meal I had great pain and fullness at the chest. Then I got into such a condition that I had these feelings nearly all the while. I tried to avoid them by eating nothing but light food, but the result was just the same. I think a morsel of bread would hurt me almost as much as a round of beef. Then I began to lose weight and had all I could do to keep up with my work. The doctor gave me medicine but I got no help from it.

"I was wondering how this would end when I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and bought a bottle of it from Mr. James Crossley, the grocer at Mile Walk. The effect was speedy. It appeared to go straight to the right spot, and it wasn't long before I was able to eat without any pain to follow. Then my strength and flesh gradually came back, and ever since I have done my work as easily as I did before the disease, whatever it was, overtook me. (Signed) John Simpson, Cliviger, near Burnley."

Now, about that health and hard muscle question that I put to the reader; what's the answer? Why, of course the answer is what any intelligent man would make who thinks with his eyes open. No; health and hard muscles are not always found together. But let us look sharp and commit no errors. The facts run this way: While a man cannot grow

strong without a certain degree of health, it is also true that a notable amount of muscular power is consistent with both organic and functional trouble of the stomach, liver, kidneys, or heart. A man may be able to lift 500 pounds, and drop dead within a minute after he does it.

Sailors, farmers, miners, drivers of trams, busses, etc., outdoor laborers of different sorts (especially after reaching mid-life), nearly all fall victims to rheumatism, nervous debility or dyspepsia. Yes, and do hard work for years just the same.

I said "or" dyspepsia. Leave out the "or" and say dyspepsia—dyspepsia only—and you have struck bottom. This produces all the other maladies; they are merely results and symptoms of it. There's no use keeping clear of it by running off to sea, working on a farm, or diving into a mine. No matter where you go or what you do, indoors or out, clerking in the Bank of England, or driving the locomotive of the Scotch Express—dyspepsia will get hold of you if you give it a chance. And most men do that, as if they were as eager to be ill as they are to be rich. Which reminds me to tell you in a subsequent article how to avoid dyspepsia. For this time I can only speak of how to cure. Imitate John Simpson's example. Do what he did. And remember that stalwart men (all unconscious) often stand nearer a bed of pain, nearer death, than do the feeble women whom they pity.

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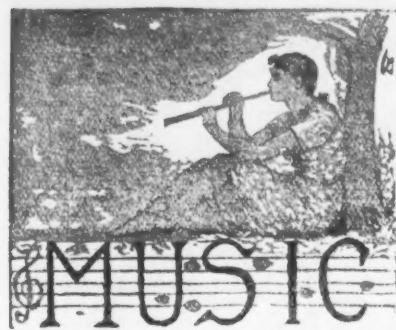
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The following letter from Dr. Charles E. Saunders, the well known local vocal specialist, explains itself.

To the Musical Editor of Toronto Saturday Night: Sir,—In view of the great interest which has been aroused by the recent lectures of Mr. Edward A. Hayes on certain subjects connected with voice cultivation, your readers may perhaps appreciate some further reference to the matter if a brief summary is given of a few of the essential points in which the theories and practice of Mr. Hayes differ from those generally adhered to by singing masters. Most of the information here given is taken directly from the lectures, but other points are also referred to which were only made plain to those who had the benefit of private instruction from Mr. Hayes.

If the lecturer had sought to attack every opinion held dear by teachers of singing he could scarcely have advocated any more radical changes than those actually proposed. The popular ideas of "forward production," with the throat and mouth well opened, the tongue depressed, and the soft palate raised so as to give the sound a chance to escape; he considers absolutely incorrect and insists on the tongue being slightly elevated and drawn back, and on the soft palate being kept low; while the tone is not to be "placed forward" or anywhere else in particular, but to ring through the head, the neck and the body. Wide opening of the mouth, even on the highest notes, he regards as worse than useless. The fundamental difference in conception on these points is in regard to the voice as reinforced not by vibrating air, but by vibrating matter (bone, cartilage and muscle).

Registers, in the ordinary sense of the term, he does not recognize. Even diaphragmatic breathing cannot escape his censure, for he considers the diaphragm as a muscle to be used for expiration rather than inspiration. All motion of the larynx is forbidden except a slight backward movement to give as close contact as possible with the spine. Finally, though the list of novelties is by no means exhausted—this heresy may be mentioned: that he believes all healthy vocal organs are capable of being trained to produce a fine tone.

These ideas have, naturally, aroused opposition and contempt; but it is only fair to Mr. Hayes to state that those who have become well acquainted with him are convinced of his earnestness. This "Vocal Science" method of voice training may not be a science in the strictest sense of the term, but the effort is certainly being made to treat it as such. The enthusiasm which caused Mr. Walter H. Robinson to bring Mr. Hayes to our city is readily understood by those who have been closely associated with him during his visit; and much gratitude is felt for the opportunity thus given of becoming familiar with his methods.

And what results do they bring? It would evidently be out of place for one who cannot write otherwise than as an ardent partizan to give his own views on such a point. This much, however, may safely be said: the quality of Mr. Hayes' singing voice, which unfortunately the public had no opportunity of hearing, is superb. As the "Vocal Science" method is being put into practice by those teachers who have become acquainted with it, the public will, before long, have some opportunity of forming an independent opinion as to its value.

Yours very truly, C. E. SAUNDERS.

At a recent conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians of England an interesting paper on Musical Ethics was read by Mr. W. H. Cummings, principal of the Guildhall School of Music. Among other clever and truthful things the learned gentleman said: "Let me first speak of jealousy—what a miserable, petty and degrading thing it is. Why cannot we honestly and enthusiastically praise the successful efforts of our brethren and sisters? True, they may have been more fortunate in their opportunities than ourselves, or, possibly, they are more gifted in certain special directions than we are; but it matters not, if they have succeeded and we have failed, we have no right to be jealous, and shall find it more to our own advantage if we are sympathetic. The other fault I mentioned was overweening egotism. This I believe to be far more mischievous and distressing in its effects than jealousy. A man may become such an Egotist that he fancies every observation or criticism made by another person must be intended to apply to himself, and if the criticism happens to be of an unfavorable nature, he forthwith broods over it until the hidden volcano within bursts forth, and he floods the land with torrents of scorching lava; on the other hand, if he be assured, by kind-hearted friends, that the criticism was never intended for him, that his personality was never in the speaker's thought, he then is offended because he and his reputation were overlooked—he! the only surviving apostle of the one saving Gospel. This egotism, like jealousy, operates very much to the disadvantage of the Egotist—in his own estimation he ascends higher and higher into the clouds, and, like the aeronaut in a balloon, surveys the human crowd beneath him, and fancies them poor, knowing nothing pigmies; at the same time he blandly and self-sufficiently commiserates them on the prospect of their dismal plight, in the near future, when his own imposing and magnificent personality will no longer be with them."

The tenth annual report of the Conservatory of Music, which was presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting held on Wednesday afternoon of last week, contained a number of very interesting items. It was shown that the average attendance of 282, recorded for the first year of the Conservatory's operations, had increased to 765 for the past year, the largest in the history of the institution. Pupils were attracted from every province in the Dominion, seven States of the Union, and the Bahama Islands. The number of towns in Canada from which pupils were drawn during the past year is 150, and the number of towns in Canada represented by Conservatory pupils since its opening in 1887 is 300. Graduates and undergraduates are filling important positions as teachers, organists, choir, chorus and orchestral conductors, and choir soloists throughout Canada and in many places across the border, while numerous others are engaged in public platform work as singers, readers, instrumental soloists, orchestral players,

and also in private teaching. During the past season affiliation has been entered into with Toronto University, and students are preparing for the examinations to be held there as well as those held at Trinity University, with which latter institution the Conservatory has now been affiliated for some years. The report also drew attention to the fact that although classroom accommodation has been increased since 1887 more than threefold, it is now felt necessary to arrange for further enlarging the present building or removing to other and more commodious premises. The School of Elocution was shown to be in a very prosperous condition, and the general prospects of the Conservatory for the future were stated to be particularly brilliant.

A student of physiognomy might be able to read indications in the pictures of Mr. Bispham of his qualities as a singer. His massive head, set intelligently alert on shoulders of unusual width, prepares us for a strong, intellectual interpretation of the great range of songs which constitutes his repertoire. He seems to be equally master of ballad, opera and oratorio. It seems to be universally acknowledged that Mr. Bispham, apart from the consideration of his vocal powers, is an artist in his reading and interpretation of the conceptions of the composer. In New York Mr. Bispham's success has been most pronounced; and the *Star*,



Mr. David Bispham.

Herald and *Times* are unanimous in praising his dignity and breadth of style. The Toronto Male Chorus Club is fortunate in being able to introduce to our city a singer of Mr. Bispham's calibre; and, associated as he will be with the Russian violinist, Gregorowitch, the forthcoming concert at Massey Music Hall on Thursday, February 11, should be a brilliant affair. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen have kindly consented to the concert being held under their distinguished patronage. Lists for subscribers, who will have first choice of seats, may be found at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, A. & S. Nordheimer's, and Whaley, Royce & Co.'s.

A recital by piano and cello pupils of Herr Rudolf Ruth was given at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week in the presence of a large and critical audience. The programme embraced Strelitzki's Preludium, for two pianos, Misses Hicks and Taylor; Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Miss Renaud; Two Studies by Godard—Miss Kathleen Taylor; Schumann's Romance in F sharp major and Liszt's transcription of Wagner's Spinnerlied, Miss Mabel Hicks; Scarlatti's Sonata in D, Miss Renaud, and the Mozart-Grieg Fantasia in C minor for two pianos, played by Miss Hicks, second piano accompaniment by Herr Ruth. The playing of these interesting selections showed excellent training in all cases, besides the possession of much natural talent on the part of the pupils. Miss Lois Winlow contributed in admirable style several "cello solos, and Master Otto Torrington also played very effectively Goldmann's Romance. The recital as a whole was a very enjoyable event and reflected much credit upon those participating and their careful and capable instructor.

An invitation song recital was given in the Normal School Hall on Tuesday evening last by Mr. Frank Burt, basso cantante, assisted by Miss Katharine Birnie, pianist, and Miss F. Macpherson, contralto. Mr. Burt's selections covered a wide range of songs drawn from the works of Handel, Pfall, Vognrich, Jude, Gounod, Mattei, Sullivan, Kinglet and Arnold. Possessed of marked musical intelligence and a voice of good quality and expressiveness, Mr. Burt's singing gave much pleasure to the audience, who rewarded him with very liberal applause. Miss Macpherson was also cordially received in her several selections. The pianiste, Miss Birnie, one of Mr. Field's talented group of soloists, played with much brilliancy and finish Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp, Leschetizky's La Piccola, and the Wagner-Liszt Tannhauser March.

The combined choirs of St. Simon's and All Saints' churches gave a festival in the latter church on Friday evening. There was a very large attendance, and the manner in which the music was rendered reflected most creditably upon the chorus and the choirmasters respectively of St. Simon's and All Saints', Messrs. J. W. F. Harrison and W. E. Fairclough. The anthems were *Tours' Sing, O Heavens*, and *Stanford's And I Saw Another Angel*. Mr. Harrison contributed as organ solos *D'Evry's Benediction Nuptiale*, the *Allegro Appassionata* from Guilmant's Fifth Sonata, and *Dubois' Marche Triumphale*, all of which were rendered in a musicianly and effective manner. Solos were sung by Master Willie Wilson and Mr. Allan C. Fairweather, both of St. Simon's choir.

A special musical service will be given by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, corner of Avenue road and Bloor street, next Monday night, beginning at eight o'clock. The principal number will be Neils W. Gade's sacred cantata, *Christmas Eve*, which is written for solo voices and two choruses, one representing a host of seraphim proclaiming the news of our Saviour's birth to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. The soloists will be Miss R. Boehmer, soprano; Miss Minnie F. Hessin, contralto; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Mr. Fred W. Lee, baritone, and Mr. Alfred Parker,

bass. A solo will be played during the offertory by Mr. Walter H. Coles, the organist of the church.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, the popular solo tenor of Sherbourne street Methodist church, has been appointed choirmaster of Trinity Methodist church and assumes his duties there in a few weeks. The appointment is an excellent one, and one may expect the choir of Trinity to develop into one of the most efficient in the city under its new leader. Mr. Sherlock's attainments as an oratorio singer are attracting considerable attention throughout the province. He has been engaged to sing the tenor solos in Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on the evening of February 4.

Arrangements are about completed for the engagement of Mr. Ben Davies, the celebrated English tenor, to sing in concert at Massey Hall toward the end of March. This announcement will give pleasure to music-lovers, as Mr. Davies has won a most enviable reputation and is regarded as one of the foremost of living tenors. This will, I understand, be his first appearance in Canada.

Herr Klingenberg's orchestra is rapidly getting into form for the approaching concert of that organization. The orchestra numbers about forty-five members, and is one of the most prosperous musical organizations in the city at the present time. Fuller details as to date of concert and assisting soloists will be given in a future issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Martius Sieveking, the great Dutch pianist, is booked to appear in Toronto on February 19. Sieveking's success in America recalls Paderewski's wonderful triumphs. He has certainly created a deep impression on this continent, and all lovers of the ideal in pianoforte playing should bear this date in mind.

The Brantford *Expositor* refers to Mr. Bernhard Walther's recent appearance at a concert in that city in the following enthusiastic terms: "On each appearance he was enthusiastically recalled. He easily surpassed in merit any violinist who has appeared before a Brantford audience in many a long day."

The first concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger conductor, will be held some time in March. Mr. August Andersen has joined the orchestra as concert-master.

The Toronto Orchestra, Mr. Torrington conductor, is hard at work on an interesting programme. It is the intention to begin rehearsing a St. Saens Symphony this evening.

At a special meeting of the Toronto Clef Club held on Friday of last week, Mr. E. A. Hayes, the eminent vocal specialist of New York, was elected an honorary member. MODERATO.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland were in town this week and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith before settling down at Campbellford.

The guests at the Hotel Hoffman, Peterboro', entertained their friends at an assembly on Friday evening, January 22. Much praise has been lavished upon the committee, whose efforts made it an evening long to be remembered by the society people of that bright town. The assembly in point of numbers alone was a complete success and otherwise pleased all who attended. The dancing-hall was beautifully decorated and the floor was in perfect condition. Excellent music was furnished. The ladies wore exquisite gowns and the ball-room was a scene of beauty with its numerous charming women and fair debutantes. Supper was served at eleven o'clock in the dining-hall. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. R. M. Dennistoun, Mrs. H. C. Rogers, Mrs. Charles McGill, Mrs. W. J. Sherwood, Mrs. Sherwood, sr., Mrs. R. W. Grubbe and Mrs. T. A. S. Hay. The committee to whom credit is due for the delightful evening provided was composed of the young gentlemen boarders of the hotel: Mr. F. H. Pope, Mr. F. D. Kerr, B.A., Mr. W. A. Buchanan, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Walter Collins and Mr. W. Harold Cluxton, honorary secretary.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald entertained a lovely party of children last evening at Canaan. Mrs. Gordon of Tranby avenue gave a similar party on Wednesday afternoon.

Yesterday Mrs. Harris of Madison avenue gave a tea for her guests, the Misses Foster of Brantford.

The funniest sight imaginable was a party of little girls and boys who boarded a Belt Line car the other afternoon bound for a children's party. The car was not quite large enough to hold their airs and dignity until the conductor came around for their tickets. The largest girl turned crimson, felt in her pockets, gloves and muff in vain, while the row of little ones regarded her in suspense and terror. Finally she gasped, "I left the purse on the hall table," and burst into tears. A good-natured old father of a family came to the rescue and purchased a quarter's worth of tickets for the distracted half-dozen. The chaperone carefully put in three, and after a moment's hesitation handed the rest to her rescuer with the desperate remark, "I'm sure I don't know how we'll get home!" Amid the smiles of the passengers the good-fellow advised the worried child to keep the tickets and use them to get home. Things had quieted down when a wee cherub set the hearers in a roar by pointing and remarking, "Dat's a really lovely man, I fink!"

"I had to hurry so to get here at all," said a lady as she plunged into the vortex of a fashionable tea. "I always sleep from two to four, and it seemed such a race to be on hand here at five." Whereat many a woman smiled!

Mrs. Taylor and Miss Davies have sent out cards for a tea on next Wednesday afternoon. I fancy this is the first they have given since they moved into town.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's tea, which was postponed from last Saturday, is an important fixture for this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan are en pension at 90 D'Arcy street.

Mrs. Thomas Baker, who has been visiting Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson at her home, No. 14 Spadina road, where, by the way, Mrs. Johnson removed last September, has returned home.

Everyone is glad to see Mr. Eddie Cronyn back for a visit from Rossland. Mr. Cronyn has evidently found the gold-fields salubrious, as he is looking very fit. He is now a valuable authority on mines.

Papa, who is a bit of a plunger, was reading over the latest mining news to mamma, who is a bit behind the times in such matters. "Ha, ha! my dear! Here's something about Trilby and the Prince of Wales developing," said papa. "Dear me," groaned the good lady. "Will that man never learn to behave himself? He a grandfather half a dozen times, and having his name coupled with that girl, who has been so much talked about." And papa had to explain his suppressed laughter by a tarratiddle of some unholy sort.

Mrs. Walter Barwick accompanied Mrs. Reeves on her return to Montreal last week for a short visit.

The shockingly sudden death of Mr. T. H. Ince by a fall on that dangerous pavement on Yonge and Richmond streets has put a good many people in mourning. Mr. Ince was one of Toronto's oldest citizens, and his amiable wife and daughters have the sympathy of a very large circle of friends in their loss.

I hear the sale of Mrs. Jarvis's waltz, Dream of Rossland, has been very large. May success continue to attend this clever and popular young composer.

Mrs. Herbert Greene is in her girlhood home, down south, in attendance upon a sick relative, and is expected home on Wednesday.

The Ever Ready Dress Stay Co., Windsor, Ont., have issued for the holidays a very pretty composition for the piano. The Ever Ready Two-step, and will mail it to any lady sending a stamp for postage.

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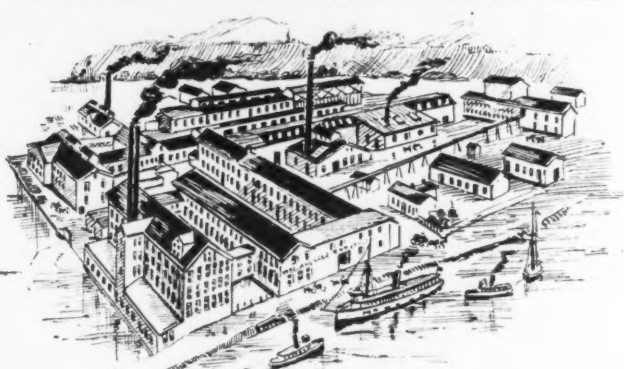
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"**T**ALKING about Winnipeg," said Codlin, "there's a fortune in it for the man who writes a book about the Winnipeg boom. I tell you what, there were big piles made and lost there in a hurry. Did I ever tell you about Jack Bean? Well, he was a queer case. I went to school with him and he didn't know enough to pound sand. One day he struck out for Winnipeg and came back in exactly sixteen weeks with \$21,000 in hard cash."

"Get out!" said Short.
"That's right. He made that money in Winnipeg in sixteen weeks."

"And did he quit then?"

"No. He went back again. All his friends tried to get him to stay home, but he wouldn't. He told me how he made his first deal in Winnipeg. He got a job first day in a real estate office, and about the end of the first week was eating lunch in a dining-room where he heard two new arrivals—one from Toronto and the other from Peterboro—saying that they would try to buy a double house and settle their families together. Bean had nerve and so he told them he had a double house that he thought would suit. They went to see it, and they paid five hundred down to close the bargain, and Jack went off, bought the property for \$7,200 and sold it to these parties for \$9,000. That's how he got a start, and he made a lot of rapid deals, and run home with \$21,000 after sixteen weeks' absence."

"I suppose he lost it all afterwards?"
"Yes, but he was worth a big pile of money before the boom burst. He bought prairie land at Edmonton and some of the little lots sold for \$800."

"How is it," asked Short, "that a man can never quit when he is ahead of the game?"

"They can't though," resumed Codlin, relighting his cigar, "he was opening champagne for all of his schoolmates that he could induce to come into Toronto to celebrate his success. I guess he must have spent two hundred dollars in a day and a night. The last time I saw him was in Sarnia, two years ago. It was in the dead of winter and I was passing an ice-house where ice was being unloaded from sleighs, drawn up by pulleys to a landing-stage and packed away in the building. I heard my name called, and looking up saw that the man who was on the upper landing shunting the blocks of ice through the window was Jack Bean, the ex-Manitoba millionaire."

"Now, you're just working this in for effect," said Short.

"Not at all. You can easily find out that this is true. I can give you a dozen names right in Toronto, of men who know all about Jack Bean. He used to be worth quarter of a million, and the last I heard of him he was working in an ice-house in Sarnia."

"Well, I know a man—" attempted Short.
"Twenty-one thousand-odd in sixteen weeks is pretty good for a greenhorn."

"You bet. I know a man—" "I've often wondered who that Toronto man was who went in with the Peterboro' man in buying that house."

"Yes. Say, it would be interesting to know just who that was, wouldn't it? I know a man—an old farmer who had bought a quarter-section of land right in Winnipeg long before the boom. He lived out in York county, and one morning about two o'clock he was roused up by two men who came in a cutter to buy that prairie farm. They offered him nine thousand dollars for it, and in astonishment he cried 'What?' They then thought he knew something about boom prices and offered twelve thousand. He told them to wait in the kitchen while he went and put on his pants, and when he came back they offered him thirteen thousand. 'I guess I'll go an' git on my coat, too,' said the old farmer, and he went in and spoke to his wife, who was sick and couldn't leave her bed. 'Jane,' he said, 'do you hear voices in the kitchen?' 'Yes, who is it?' she asked. 'Never you mind. D'ye hear voices?' 'Yes, o' course I do,' she said. 'That's all right. I just wanted to be sure I wasn't dreamin' this. Now you just lay still an' I'll make you rich.' Back he came with his coat on, and the men offered him fourteen thousand dollars for his prairie farm in Manitoba. He asked them how much down, and they said they would pay one thousand down and give a cheque for the rest, and he could cash it in Toronto that very day. He took it, and they finished the deal right there. The men left and the family got up and had breakfast. During the day two or three other cutters drove up with men after that farm, and it turned out that the speculators had been searching the earth for the owner of that farm for weeks, and all pounced on him at once. Part of Winnipeg's built right on that farm, but I guess nobody made more out of it or felt happier through it than the old farmer who sold it in the night."

"Lots of queer cases in that boom, all right enough," said Codlin.
"Lots of 'em," said Short. MACK.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MCKENNEY—On Friday, Jan. 22, at 48 Ulster street, the wife of A. G. McKenney—a daughter.
BURTON—Jan. 27, Mrs. G. F. Burton—a daughter.
IRONSDALE—Jan. 22, Mrs. J. D. Ironside—a son (still-born).
PLUMMER—Jan. 24, Mrs. A. E. Plummer—a daughter.
O'REILLY—Jan. 24, Mrs. H. H. O'Reilly—a son.
THOMPSON—Jan. 25, Mrs. F. W. Thompson—a son.
KENNEDY—Jan. 20, Mrs. A. E. Kennedy—a son.
SPARLING—Jan. 24, Mrs. J. H. Sparling—a son.
FRASER—Jan. 25, Mrs. Andrew Fraser—a son.
HARRISON—Jan. 25, Mrs. T. S. Harrison—a daughter.
STANBURY—Jan. 18, Mrs. R. B. Stanbury—a daughter.
McFARLANE—Jan. 22, Mrs. W. H. McFarlane—a son.
NOBLE—Jan. 20, Mrs. W. G. Noble—a son.
MONTIZAMBERT—Jan. 22, Mrs. W. C. Montizambert—a daughter.
ABBOTT—Jan. 15, Mrs. A. C. Abbott—a son.
COATSWORTH—Jan. 17, Mrs. Emerson Coatsworth, jr.—a daughter.

Marriages.

WALSH—WOOD—On Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1897, at Elmwood, Hamilton, the residence of the bride's father, J. W. B. Walsh, Dominion Bank, Toronto, only son of the late S. S. Walsh of Guelph, to Elma B., third daughter of Mr. A. T. Wood, M.P. MARLING—GIBSON—Montreal, Jan. 16, J. W. Marling to Sophia Maud Gibson.
EVANS—PITFIELD—Jan. 20, George B. Evans to Ethel Pittfield.
McKENNEY—PATON—Jan. 1, Robert McKendry to Jean Paton.
HODGINS—HEATHCOTE—Nelson, B. C., Jan. 1,

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Arthur Edward Hodgins to Rose Mary Heathcote.
TREBLE—MASSEY—Jan. 26, John M. Treble to Lillian Frances Massey.
JEFFREY—CUMMING—Jan. 26, James D. Jeffrey to Fannie A. Cumming.
RIDDLE—MOFFATT—Jan. 20, Walter D. Riddle to Janet Moffatt.
PETTIT—NELLES—Grimsby, Jan. 27, Wm. H. Pettitt to Mabel Isabelle Nelles.

Deaths.

MACPHERSON—Suddenly, at his late residence, 114 Huron street, of apoplexy, Malcolm Macpherson, in his fortieth year.
STEVENSON—At Clinton, on Jan. 24, Alice, relict of the late Thomas Stevenson, aged 82 years, 7 months.
SMALL—Jan. 24, Rev. Father Patrick Ambrose Small.
INCE—Jan. 24, T. Henry Ince.
TAYLOR—Jan. 26, Elizabeth Taylor.
TRACEY—Jan. 24, Ellen Tracey, aged 55.
SHAW—Jan. 25, Lulu Shaw.
MOLE—Jan. 25, Camelia Mole, aged 36.
GORDON—Jan. 24, Anne Gordon, aged 57.
BAINES—California, Jan. 24, T. Trevor Baines.
McLELLAN—Jan. 24, Delia McLellan, aged 72.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under signed, and endorsed "Tender for Owen Sound Work," will be received at this office until Friday, the 5th day of February next, inclusively, for the construction of sheet piling at Owen Sound, Grey County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Owen Sound, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand five hundred dollars (\$1,500.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 31st Dec., 1896.

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